"SAY ANYTHING"

Written by

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C1001SD1

FADE IN OVER BLACK:

1 OMITTED 1

2 INT. COREY'S BEDROOM - DAY 2

LLOYD DOBLER, 19, sits slumped in a small chair. He's tall, bulky, his nose looks slightly mashed. Hidden in there somewhere is a good-looking kid. Lloyd thumbs through a newspaper, sips a Super Big Gulp from 7-11.

We're in the bedroom of COREY FLOOD, 17. It's a weigh-station between school and home. Corey's walls feature photos and collages, most of them featuring a darkly-handsome young man named Joe. Corey sits on her bed, playing Led Zeppelin riffs on an amplified electric guitar. By her bed is a four-track cassette recorder -- the sign of a musician. Sitting on the floor, writing in a journal, is girlfriend D.C. She's a loyal supporter of her two friends, an introvert who mediates between two extroverts. Corey looks down at the school annual open on her bed.

COREY
I don't feel anything.

D.C.
Come on. It's graduation.

COREY
It's all so phony. Did you see what Mr. Carroll wrote in my yearbook? He ridiculed me all year long in English, then he wrote -- 'You're a real live wire...Love, Mr. Carroll.'

D.C.
He wants to leave things on a good note.

COREY
When Mr. Carroll says 'love' I start looking for a new word.

D.C.
Lloyd, she's being difficult.

Lloyd looks up from his newspaper.

LLOYD
If life was a movie, what would it be rated?

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: 2

COREY
That's a 'Lloyd' question.

D.C.
Probably R. Maybe X.

COREY
Since Joe, my life is definitely X.

LLOYD
I'm probably PG-13 -- some material may be too intense for young children.

D.C.
That's too bad.

LLOYD
I'm doing something about it. I'm going to take Diane Court out again.

The girls exchange meaningful looks.

COREY
Unlikely.

LLOYD
The movies is a good second 'date', right?

COREY
You never had a first date.

D.C.
I hate that word 'date.'

LLOYD
I sat across from her at Bell Square. We both ate. That's sharing eating -- an important physical event. Why isn't that going out?

COREY
That's not even a scam.

LLOYD
What's a scam?

COREY
Going out as friends.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (2) 2

D.C.
No it's not. Scam is lusting.

LLOYD
Then what is a date?

The girls take a moment to consider.

D.C.
A date is...prearrangement with a possibility for love.

LLOYD
I'm going to call her.

COREY
Lloyd.

LLOYD
What?

COREY
Diane Court doesn't go 'out'. She's a brain...

D.C.
...trapped in the body of a game show hostess.

COREY
Diane Court doesn't even know how good-looking she is. All she thinks about it bio-chemistry.

LLOYD
This all sounds great to me. I'm going to call her.

COREY
Lloyd. Brains stay with brains. The bomb could go off, and their mutant genes would form the same cliques.

He gets up, bounces lightly off the walls.

D.C.
I wouldn't get my hopes up, Lloyd.

LLOYD
Did she ever say anything about me, Corey? Tell me the truth.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (3) 2

COREY
(high-strung)
She doesn't talk about that stuff!

LLOYD
Take it easy. I was just asking.

COREY
You're such a nice guy, Lloyd. We just don't want to see you get hurt.

Lloyd stands, lumbers around the room.

LLOYD
I want to get hurt! Will someone just let me get hurt?

3 EXT. LLOYD'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON - CREDITS 3

A rain-stained Seattle apartment building. Lloyd practices kickboxing moves on a bag hanging from a tree in the yard. Next to him, his four-year-old nephew JASON attempts to duplicate his moves. Jason falls, and Lloyd picks him up. They both continue working out until a small timer sounds. Lloyd pulls the bag from his hook, throws it over his shoulder and they both charge up the stairs.

4 INT. LLOYD'S APARTMENT 4

Jason kicks open the door and they enter the cramped two-room apartment. Lloyd's corner of the living room is his bedroom. It's devoted to kickboxing photos, and a newspaper clipping of him in action. Lloyd sets down the bag with a thump.

JASON
Yaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!

Jason kicks, loses his balance and starts to cry hysterically. Lloyd's 28-year-old sister CONSTANCE enters from the kitchen.

CONSTANCE
You're headed for Day Care, buster.

LLOYD
Be tough, J-man.

Jason stops sniffling.

JASON
'Kay.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: 4

CONSTANCE
Look -- he's a mess.

Constance pulls Jason into the kitchen, as Lloyd takes the phone into the bathroom. CREDITS END as he zoom-dials the number with one hand.

5 INT. COURT LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME 5

JAMES COURT, 48, is a friendly and charismatic father. There is an infectious good humor about him, even in the way he takes a light nap while Sam Cooke's "You Send Me" plays on his prized jukebox. Court sings along, harmonizes with the record -- he's not bad. The PHONE RINGS, Court leans across the coffee table to pick it up. The phone is one of those too-new, too-sophisticated models. Court must unfold it to answer it. He has a tough time with it, as he deals with the call.

COURT
Jim Court. No, Diane isn't home. Is this the guy with the Mustang?

INTERCUT:

6 INT. LLOYD'S BATHROOM 6

Lloyd tries to pace in a tiny bathroom, around a potty chair.

LLOYD
No sir.

COURT
The guy with the Datsun.

LLOYD
No.

COURT
The truck.

LLOYD
No sir, you don't know me. I am basically a friend of your daughter. I sat with her yesterday at Bell Square, and...you know...I guess I'm pretty bad at this...

Court grabs a copy of Omni Magazine, pulls an expensive-looking black pen from his pocket. He scribbles on the back of the magazine.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: 6

COURT
Let me get a phone number from you. That's usually how it works.

LLOYD
Lloyd Dobler. 555-1342.

COURT
I'll get her the message.

LLOYD
She's really great, isn't she?

COURT
Yes she is. Good luck, kid.

Court puts the phone down. A moment later, it RINGS AGAIN.

COURT
(expecting Lloyd)
Jim Court.

We SEE that this is a new and very different caller. As he listens, his face travels the gamut of human emotion.

COURT
Yes, this is her father. I...really? No, I didn't get the letter...
(goosebumps)
...No...okay, right now. Yes! Good-bye! Thank you. Yes!

7 INT. CAR - AFTERNOON 7

Court drives his Volvo through town. He's a rising tide of emotion, tries listening to the radio. Can't. He pulls over, almost cries...does a little...feels pure joy. He continues on.

8 EXT. GOLDEN SEASONS NURSING HOME - AFTERNOON 8

Court pulls into the owner's spot in front of the Golden Seasons Nursing Home. On the porch outside, three elderly residents come to life as they see him arrive. He has a caring smile for them, as the home's Administrator ("RUTH") greets him.

COURT
Diane still here? I've got to talk with her...

RUTH
She's upstairs, Mr. Court.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: 8

Court has a moment for Eleanor, 89. A sketch pad and a set of colored pencils rest on her lap. She's been drawing a mountain range.

COURT
Eleanor darling, that's beautiful.

Eleanor beams, Court moves inside the home.

9 INT. NURSING HOME 9

It's a well-scrubbed, smallish (54 beds) home. Court moves quickly, dealing with the residents along the way. He passes ROBERT ("THE WALKER") TAYLOR. He's 90, with bushy eyebrows, hefty hearing aid and a cane. He carries an envelope.

COURT
Mr. Taylor, you're a vision in green. Let me mail that for you.

WALKER
Thank you.

COURT
You can trust a man who writes a letter everyday.

Court keeps moving, Ruth peels away. He passes Sabina, 94. Her jacket is open.

SABINA
Please please please.

COURT
You need a safety pin for your jacket, right? You were cold...

Court reaches into a nearby desk for a pin, expertly pins her jacket.

SABINA
Thank y'. Please please please.

Court passes another resident lifting her skirt up, fanning herself. He routinely pulls it down, hurries around the corner.

10 INT. THERAPY ROOM 10

DIANE COURT, 17, is a rare beauty. She's wearing a nurse's uniform. She does not move as she hands a sumptuous-looking

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: 10

food tray to an uncommonly young-looking senior ("JUNE") resting comfortably in bed. It all looks good enough to be an ad, and in fact it is. We PULL BACK TO REVEAL an Artist sitting in a chair, sketching a live portrait for a telephone book ad.

Court arrives in the doorway. Diane melts out of her pose.

DIANE
Hi Dad.

COURT
I need to talk to you, honey.

ARTIST
Mr. Court, I'm sketching the perfect girl. I need another minute.

COURT
You've got another minute.

DIANE
What is it?

Diane sees her father's impatience. An elder resident wheels up to Court in the doorway. She is EVA, 86. She has a throaty voice, dry from cigarettes and medication.

EVA
Why didn't you ask me to be in this?

COURT
Because everyone would know you're my favorite, and they'd get jealous.
(to Artist)
Is that thing done yet?

EVA
You're a good man. You helped me with my finances when my own brother wouldn't. Sssssst.

COURT
Don't worry, Eva. He'll be old soon. He'll see what it's like.
(knows what makes her laugh)
He'll pay.

Eva's eyes dance at the notion.

DIANE
What is it, Dad?

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (2) 10

ARTIST
All finished.

June rolls out of bed, grabs her bag. She's a professional senior.

JUNE
Good because I have a bank commercial in an hour.

ANGLE ON EVA as the professional senior passes her. She looks on with strange wonder. (They're both wearing the same large earrings.) Diane catches the look.

DIANE
Are you okay, Dad? What are you looking at?

COURT
I'm looking at the last few minutes of Daddy's Little Girl.

Court pulls her out of the room. They try to find a place.

11 INT. COURT'S OFFICE 11

They talk standing up, by several degrees hanging on the wall.

COURT
I've got to tell you this carefully...

DIANE
What?

COURT
I just...

DIANE
Tell me. Is this bad news?

COURT
...just listen to me.

He rearranges a long strand of her hair falling into her eyes. He quickly realizes he's tampered with a fashion statement and restores it.

COURT
Diane, you won the Reed Fellowship.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: 11

DIANE
Are you kidding? You're kidding. You're not kidding.

COURT
You won it. You're going to study at the finest institute in England. The toughest fellowship in the country and you won!

She leans against the wall, takes a big breath and slides downward until she's sitting on the floor.

DIANE
I won.

COURT
You're going to take a big step, a big leap, and before you do, I just want one thing from you, Miss. Stand up straight and admit you're special.

DIANE
(still sitting)
Oh God. I'll have to fly.

COURT
Worry about that later. Tell me you're special.

Diane rolls her eyes.

DIANE
Don't do this, Dad. You're too good at making me nervous.

COURT
No. Listen to me. You're the best in the country. Don't you see? It's like a pyramid, it starts with everyone...

He demonstrates, holding his hands apart.

COURT
...and it narrows through your life, through everything...

His hands follow up the sides of the pyramid, forming the peak.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2) 11

COURT
...and all the competition and hoopla narrows it down to one brilliant person who is so special that they celebrate you on two continents and it's you.
(pause)
You've always wanted this. Today, you have it. Now tell me something. What's the flaw in that?

Diane tries to respond.

COURT
(joyous)
See, there is no flaw!

Diane smiles. She stands, faces her father with new eyes. Something has changed and she knows it.

12 EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAYS LATER 12

A LONG SHOT from the back of the football field. The graduating classes sit on the field, the family and friends in the bleachers. It's packed. We hear the booming p.a.

PRINCIPAL
I just can't introduce this girl without saying...

13 CLOSE ANGLE ON DIANE COURT 13

who sits looking out on this sea of people, seated behind the Principal, who fiddles with a pencil. She's on the pedestal again.

DIANE
Please don't do a big thing...

PRINCIPAL
...that we're all going to remember this one student who said 'Hey world -- check me out'. The Reed Fellowship Conqueress -- our own Diane Court!

She takes center stage, looks into the audience. The Lakeside Rooster dancing in the aisles. This makes her more nervous.

14 ANGLE ON LLOYD DOBLER 14

who sits with the boys, on the end of his row. Across from him, seated with the girls, are Corey and D.C. He shares a look with them, then notices the nervous father standing nearby in the bleachers. James Court begins filming his daughter with a video camera on a tripod.

15 ANGLE ON COURT 15

15A CLOSE ON DIANE 15A

DIANE
Thank you.
(pause)
The Real World. We're all about to enter 'The Real World'. That's what everyone says, but most of us have been in the Real World a long time...For example, standing here. If this isn't the real world, I don't know what is!

Little response from the audience.

16 ANGLE ON A ROW OF FOUR GUYS 16

who make OOGA-OOGA NOISES. Lloyd turns from the row in front of them.

LLOYD
A little respect, guys.

They quiet down.

DIANE
I should say this. I took a few courses at the University this year. I missed being with my own class, but I have something to tell everybody. I have glimpsed our future and all I can say is...it's overrated.

Only a few laughs from a few students.

DIANE
O-kay.

16A ANGLE ON JAMES COURT 16A

with a surprised look on his face.

(CONTINUED)

16A CONTINUED: 16A

DIANE
Well. It's almost over. We've gone to school together for three years, we've been through a lot. But with that training net of high school gone, what is going to happen to us?

16B DIANE'S P.O.V. 16B

and she sees a sea of bored faces, including one kid who is nodding off. His friend elbows him.

DIANE
Late at night, staring at the ceiling, I think we're all haunted by the same question. 'What's going to happen to us?'

17 ANGLE ON A GIRL STUDENT 17

who is only slightly less bored.

DIANE
'Will I live in the suburbs, and drive a BMW or will I be a bum on the beach?

18 ANGLE ON A BOY STUDENT 18

who recognizes this question.

DIANE
'Will I get married or stay single?'
'Will I live a long life?'

19 ANGLE ON THE LAKESIDE ROOSTER 19

who leans against a speaker, drinks a soft drink.

DIANE
'Should I dedicate my life to helping the elderly, or the starving...or will I just make money, or is it possible to do both?'

20 ANGLE ON LLOYD 20

mesmerized by Diane.

DIANE
'What's my goal, or do I have one?'

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: 20

Diane looks out at the crowd. She has now completely abandoned her speech.

DIANE
We all know what the answers are. We want to be happy, go to college, work hard, maybe raise a family...but what if that doesn't happen? We should be strong enough to deal with it.
(pause)
But what if we aren't? I mean, I have to say I don't know what will happen.
(to audience)
Do you? Because I don't.

21 ANGLE ON THE AUDIENCE 21

and there is silence.

DIANE
I've got to be honest. I have all the hope and ambition in the world. But when I think about the future...the truth is...

22 ANGLE ON SOME STUDENTS 22

and they're really listening.

DIANE
I...am...really...<u>really</u> scared.

It's a moment of honesty that has surprised everyone, even Diane.

23 ANGLE ON LLOYD 23

who stands and applauds. His claps are like cherry bombs exploding. Then twenty more applaud, then a big ovation. Balled-up bits of programs and carnation flowers shower the air.

Diane wants to continue but she holds up her diploma and sits back down in a fit of emotion.

COREY
(across aisle)
Well, she's a legend now. She's definitely out of reach.

23 CONTINUED: 23

D.C.
It's like she won the lottery of the mind.

LLOYD
I'm happy for her.

COREY
(bitter)
I can't believe they're going to let Joe sing. This place is going to torture me to the last possible second.

The Principal takes the stage.

PRINCIPAL
Okay, people, this is it. We don't want to see any hat-throwing this year. I declare you people the graduating class of Lakeside High School.

The bleachers flash with cameras, as parents and friends crowd onto the field. Inevitably, a number of hats go in the air. The school band plays "The Greatest Love of All". Joe begins performing in cap and gown, with eyes shut.

JOE
(sings)
'The Great-est Love...of All'.

LLoyd and Corey exchange a rueful look.

LLOYD
Joe. He's darkly handsome. He's intense. Joe is many things, but he is not a singer.

Corey smiles.

24 OMITTED 24

24A ANGLE ON JOE 24A

who takes off his hat and chucks it into the audience as he sings.

25 EXT. PAY PHONE - MINUTES LATER 25

Lloyd is on a pay phone near the football field. A MANIC KID in cap and gown runs by, slaps the side of the pay phone.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: 25

KID
See you at Vahlere's! Four kegs!

LLOYD
(into phone)
Hello MOM? Hello DAD? It's Lloyd! Yes sir! I'm wearing my cap and gown right now...here, here's the sound of my graduation. The live feed...exclusive to Frankfort, Germany.

He holds the phone up for D.C., who blows a bicycle horn near the receiver.

LLOYD
See, it's like you're here! Yes! Hi MOM! I love you both. I'll talk to you soon!

He hangs up, runs back to the ceremony.

26 EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - MINUTES LATER 26

Corey and D.C. stand with their parents, not wanting to stay too long. Corey snaps a few Sure Shot photos. MRS. FLOOD wears a multi-colored dress. She has the same hair as her daughter. (The sound of Sure Shots rewinding fills the air.)

MRS. FLOOD
I'll see you at home, honey.
(confidentially)
Please do yourself and everyone who loves you a favor and don't talk to Joe.

26A ANGLE ON A TRAMPLED MORTAR BOARD 26A

under a woman's foot. The initials on the inside of the hat read L.D. A hand reaches for the hat.

LLOYD
Excuse me. Excuse me, ma'am. Thanks.

Lloyd rescues his trampled hat and walks over to Corey and D.C. They're fiddling with Corey's camera. He's focused on Diane Court standing nearby with her father and some well-wishers. Mrs. Court kisses Diane, steers clear of Mr. Court and disappears quickly.

(CONTINUED)

26A CONTINUED: 26A

LLOYD
The air around her must be different.

Lloyd sniffs in Diane's direction.

COREY
Lloyd, give it up.

LLOYD
Do me a favor, Corey. Take my picture with her.

Corey pauses a moment, agrees. Lloyd tries to work into Diane's crowd. He casually tries walking in front of her, just as Court is saying:

COURT
Honey, your graduation present is parked right over there.

Diane can't believe it, looks over at a used red VW Rabbit parked nearby. She's amazed and thrilled, and it's the same split second that Lloyd appears in the f.g. The picture is snapped...

27 SHOT OF THE PHOTO 27

as we HOLD for a moment, and it actually appears that Diane is overcome with emotion and reaching out for Lloyd. The action continues as Diane and her father move to the car. She was never even aware of his presence.

LLOYD
I hope you caught that, Corey, because something was really starting to happen between us...

COREY
Lloyd, spare yourself.

LLOYD
...when she calls back, I've got everything planned out.
(pulls note from pocket)
I'm ready at all times.

27A INSERT NOTE 27A

which is filled with writing, most everything is starred or underlined.

(CONTINUED)

27A CONTINUED: 27A

D.C.
Lloyd, this is a very special day. You should just enjoy it.

LLOYD
I'm just kidding. It's all over. I graduated, I'm past it, I see the whole arc of my life ahead of me...

D.C.
Good-bye school.

LLOYD
Let's kick it out of here.

COREY
Good-bye, prison.

Lloyd and D.C. wave good-bye to the school -- Corey doesn't. They race for the exit.

28 OMITTED 28

29 INT. COURT LIVING ROOM - DUSK 29

We SEE a small and elegant box, on the table in front of her. Court sits nearby.

COURT
This box...

DIANE
Not another present! Dad!

He indicates a bigger box sitting at the foot of his desk in his home office.

COURT
It's one of the only things your mother gave me that I ever kept. Go ahead and open it up.

She's about to, as the PHONE RINGS.

COURT
(picks up phone)
Court. Yes.
(annoyed business tone)
Not now, Al. My only daughter just graduated and you're talking about tax receipts...

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: 29

He lets the phone dangle. All we hear is a grating insistent voice on the other end of the phone. Diane laughs, as her father reels the phone back in.

COURT
Have a good evening, Al.
(hangs up)
Go ahead and open it.

She does. It's a beautiful sapphire ring.

DIANE
Oh Dad. This whole day is just...crazy. I don't...deserve all this.

Court dismisses this talk with an abrupt wave of his hand.

COURT
And when you come back from England with honors, you may even get the big box over there.

29A ANGLE ON A BIGGER MATCHING CHINESE BOX 29A

in the nearby office. We hadn't noticed it.

DIANE
You're the best dad in the world.

30 WIDE ANGLE 30

of the empty house. Just the two of them. They're all they've got.

COURT
They really applauded for you today, honey.

Diane leans forward, sees the message from Lloyd on the back of the magazine on the table.

31 INT. LLOYD'S APARTMENT/KITCHEN - EARLY EVENING 31

Lloyd stomp dances across the room, tosses his cap and gown on the sofa and hangs his tassel from a tack on the wall that holds in place a newspaper photo of him kickboxing. He stomps around some of his belongings on the floor (the living room doubles as his bedroom), and moves into the kitchen, opens the fridge...

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: 31

ANGLE ON THE FRIDGE which features healthy food on one layer. From the other layer -- Lloyd's layer -- he withdraws a Big Gulp Slurpee and an already opened can of Spam. He proceeds to make a Spam sandwich, as Constance and Jason arrive home. Constance still has her dental technician uniform on.

LLOYD
French is history. Math is history. History is history...I believe the word is YES.

CONSTANCE
(feels bad)
Lloyd, I'm so sorry we missed it. Sam had me help with a new crown, and we had three root canals to do and Jason has a sore throat...

Jason points to his throat, sticks his tongue out.

LLOYD
(rolls off him)
No problem. I called Mom and Dad in Germany -- it's like they were there.

CONSTANCE
I hope you understand.

LLOYD
Bad throat, huh J-man?

JASON
Yaaaaaaaaa!

LLOYD
Yeah. He's not at full 'yaaaaa' strength.

Lloyd walks back into the living room, Jason and Constance follow.

CONSTANCE
How can you eat that stuff, Lloyd? There's no food in your food.

32 CLOSE SHOT ON THE STEREO PANEL 32

as Lloyd turns the knob up past the red-line marked with a nail-polish slash.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: 32

CONSTANCE
Not too loud. The red line is there for a reason.

LLOYD
How do you know where to draw the line, anyway?

CONSTANCE
It's plenty loud and the neighbors haven't complained. That's how I know.

LLOYD
Good thing there's not a red line on you, Jason. Yaaaaaa!

JASON
YAAAAA!

LLOYD
He's back.

CONSTANCE
Can't you be his uncle not his playmate?

LLOYD
Jesus.

CONSTANCE
What?

LLOYD
Get in a good mood. How hard is it to just decide to be in a good mood and then <u>be</u> in a good mood?

CONSTANCE
(darkly)
Gee. It's easy.

LLOYD
Look -- I'm really sorry Mom and Dad made you take me in. If it's such a big problem, I'll go. But remember this -- you <u>used</u> to be fun. You <u>used</u> to be crazy, in the best way. I mean that as a compliment, of course.
(a look at Jason)
I mean, I'm sorry that T-I-M left you, but <u>I</u> am not T-I-M.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (2) 32

Constance looks pissed for a moment. Then a small smile.

CONSTANCE
I was crazy once, wasn't I?

LLOYD
Yes!

JASON
Yaaaa!

LLOYD
This is the best time of your life. Constance! It doesn't get any better.

Constance looks around the small apartment.

CONSTANCE
I could kill you for that.
(phone RINGS, she answers)
Hello? Yes, he's right here, Corey. Oh. Sorry.
(hands phone to Lloyd)
It's Diane Court.

Lloyd clicks into red alert, he takes the phone and races Constance for the bathroom. Constance is already pulling up her skirt, and wins. Lloyd is stranded in the living room, sans privacy. He covers the phone, addresses Jason.

LLOYD
No noise. No sound. No movement.

Jason stands silent for the duration of the call.

LLOYD
Yello? Hi Diane.

INTERCUT:

33 INT. COURT LIVING ROOM - EARLY EVENING 33

Diane is reclining, shoes off and stockings on. She looks at a book as she talks on the phone. (She faces opposite frame from Lloyd.)

DIANE
Hi. You called me.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: 33

LLOYD
Hey, let me be the millionth person to say way-to-go on your scholarship to England. Your speech was incredible.

DIANE
Thank you very much.

LLOYD
Whoa. What a day, huh?

DIANE
What a day.

LLOYD
Yeah.

DIANE
Yeah.

Beat.

LLOYD
Quick question. Do you know who I am?

DIANE
We sat together at Bell Square.

LLOYD
You remember.

DIANE
No, I read it on the message.

LLOYD
Right. Well listen...
(gets list, looks at it)
...so...
(throws it away)
...let's go out...

DIANE
Oh, thanks but I'm busy.

LLOYD
Busy.

DIANE
Things are pretty hectic right now. But thanks anyway.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (2) 33

LLOYD
Are you busy on Friday?

DIANE
(nodding)
See, that's the problem. I'm busy. I've got to help my father.

LLOYD
How about Saturday?

DIANE
I've got some things to do around the house.

LLOYD
So you are...monumentally busy.

DIANE
Well...
(almost smile)
...Probably not monumentally.

LLOYD
Then what about tonight? You going to the party at Vahlere's?

DIANE
Well...

LLOYD
Diane. I'm sorry, but I can't allow you to leave the country without attending Ethan 'Par-tay' Vahlere's Graduation Event. He's twenty-two, he comes out of hiding once a year for this occasion. He dresses up as the Lakeside Rooster. He created his own drink, Purple Passion, if you like that sort of thing...

DIANE
Actually, I think...

LLOYD
(wailing)
You're not in England yet. And by the way, I lived in England for three months. My parents are in the Army, and we lived there for a summer, then we moved to Germany, and I could give you an enormous amount of tips. Many tips. English tips.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (3) 33

DIANE
(smiling)
It's funny, because...

LLOYD
Then no tips. I will give you no tips of any kind.

DIANE
(laughing)
Lloyd. I'll go.

LLOYD
Pardon me?

DIANE
I'll go.

LLOYD
Really? This is great! It's a date. It's a scam. Whatever. We're going out. I have your address, hasta luego. I'll see you at 8 and good-bye.

She hangs up.

DIANE
Hasta Luego.

She pulls her legs off the counter, and jumps off to get dressed. She passes her dad, who has been watching CNN on a mini-tv and chopping onions in the kitchen.

34 INT. LLOYD'S APARTMENT 34

Lloyd hangs up and turns to his silent nephew.

LLOYD
Thank you!

Lloyd picks Jason up and holds him horizontally. Jason remains joyously still -- it's one of their routines -- as Lloyd literally plays him like a guitar.

35 INT. DIANE'S ROOM 35

A studious-looking room. Nice desk, big dictionary. Diane thinks about the evening ahead, shuts her eyes and places her face in the breeze of a small desk fan for a quiet moment as we:

CUT TO:

36 INT. LLOYD'S CAR - LATER EVENING 36

Lloyd sits outside the Court home. He is the picture of manic, inspired energy as he psyches in the car. He grunts like an athlete, takes in gulps of air and reaches a crescendo of emotion as we:

CUT TO:

37 EXT. COURT FRONT PORCH 37

A perfect middle-suburban front porch. The door opens and James Court faces Lloyd Dobler. We SEE Lloyd's standard greeting. He wipes his hand off on his pant leg, and leans in for a firm, sportsman-like handshake with Court.

COURT
Hello, Lloyd.

LLOYD
Lloyd Dobler, sir. Pleasure. Heard about the graduation present. That is quite a car. Listen, I know you're busy. You don't have to entertain me. But you can trust me. I rarely drink. I'm an athlete. Have you heard of Kickboxing -- Sport of the Future? I can see by your face -- no -- but you can just relax tonight. Because The Reed Fellowship winner is safe with me on this night in history.

He wipes off his hand, shakes again with a bewildered Court.

COURT
Fine, Lloyd.

LLOYD
So. Is she around?

Lloyd looks past Court to the top of the stairs. But Diane immediately appears on the ground floor, from the right. She's wearing a casual outfit with a bowler hat. It's the small, but inspired touch of a devastating beauty.

LLOYD
(to himself)
Whoa.

38 INT. LLOYD'S CAR - MINUTES LATER 38

Deathly silence. Diane and Lloyd in the car (separate frames). Diane sits holding her English book bag. The closing of his car door ECHOES. The car seats SQUEAK>

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: 38

DIANE
If I want to leave early, will that be terrible?

LLOYD
No.

Lloyd silently adjusts his seat belt, helps her with hers. He then turns on the ignition. The stereo comes on, FULL BLAST. He turns it off quickly. They pull away.

38A OMITTED 38A

39 EXT. VAHLERE PORCH - EVENING 39

Music. Lloyd and Diane walk into view. Diane stops slightly, Lloyd moves forward and she catches up. They enter the party, and we MOVE BEHIND them for their entrance into the party.

40 ANGLE ON THE PARTY 40

and it's already cooking. A few faces turn and seem to register the sight. We hear the sounds of peripheral conversation.

GUY #1
Is that Lloyd?

GIRL #1
...Thirty-nine units...

GIRL #2
...we're finally out...

GIRL #2
...check them out...

GUY #3
...I want the kill tan...

GIRL #3
...look who Diane came with...

41 THEY PASS ETHAN VAHLERE 41

twenty-two, who stands over his punch bowl, talking to his buddies/security guards (they wear armbands). He's humorless, the Jack Webb of party hosts.

VAHLERE
I don't want any other booze in there or it changes colors.

The buddies nod solemnly. Vahlere spots Lloyd.

VAHLERE
Dobler! Buddy! I need you to be the Keymaster!

Before Lloyd can protest, Vahlere has handed him a plastic drawstring sack and rejoined the party.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: 41

DIANE
The Keymaster?

LLOYD
I keep everybody's keys. I have to judge who can drive home, and who can't.

DIANE
So it's an honor.

Lloyd gives her a look.

LLOYD
Not quite.

A shirtless Jock in checkered shorts and backwards hat walks by, sees Lloyd. He's already blitzed.

JOCK
We fuckin' GRADUATED big dude GUY! Here are my KEYS!

He calls for a high-five, and slams Lloyd's hand with a vengeance.

LLOYD
(flexing hand)
I wish you'd done that without keys in your hand.

JOCK
I LOVE YOU MAN!

Glamorous-looking Sheila, eighteen, arrives and grabs Diane.

SHEILA
I'm so glad you came to this, I've always wanted you to come to one of these, come with me, there's SO MANY CUTE GUYS here...

Diane looks over her shoulder and smiles helplessly as Sheila pulls her away. Lloyd watches her disappear into the crowd. He's still gazing at her wake as he's joined by Mike Cameron, seventeen. Mike wears a bomber jacket, no shirt, and a medallion. He has a disasterous new haircut. He holds a cigarette and a glass of Purple Passion with one hand.

MIKE
Homeboy! Mike Cameron. I don't really know you, but how did you get Diane Court to go out with you?

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: (2) 41

LLOYD
I called her up.

MIKE
But how come it worked? What are you?

LLOYD
I'm Lloyd Dobler.

Mike takes a puff.

MIKE
This gives me hope.

42 OMITTED 42

43 EXT. VAHLERE BACKYARD 43

More partiers fill the backyard. One girl dances alone, looks up into the sky. She talks to no one in particular.

DANCING GIRL
I will never forget this.

We FIND two EMOTIONAL GIRLS by a window.

GIRL #1
I wish I was you.

GIRL #2
I wish I was <u>you</u>.

GIRL #1
You better write.

GIRL #2
<u>You</u> better write.

44 INT. BACK ROOM 44

Inside the back bedroom, Corey and D.C. and their friend Rebecca watch these girls. Corey tunes her guitar.

COREY
Slug me if I ever get like that.

D.C.
I will.

REBECCA
Why don't you play something?

44 CONTINUED: 44

Corey falls on her back, puts her feet on the brass footboard. She starts strumming.

COREY
I wrote sixty-three songs this year. They're all about Joe. Tonight I'm going to play every single one.

REBECCA
I just saw Joe. He's here.

COREY
Well, you don't have to be so dramatic about it.

D.C.
Well, you did try to kill yourself because of the guy.

REBECCA
How did you do it, Corey, I've always wanted to know.

Corey looks pained.

D.C.
She explained it all on Wake Up Seattle. Where were you?

COREY
Stop. I'm fine now. All everybody does is ask me about it and I'm fine. I'm all right. Did Joe come with Mimi?

Rebecca nods slowly. Corey's upset.

COREY
They're both plastic. Plastic plastic plastic plastic...

45 EXT. VAHLERE FRONT PORCH 45

Lloyd sits glumly. One hand holds his head and a can of 7-Up, the other holds the Keymaster sack. Partiers stream by, drop their keys in the sack.

PARTIER #1
All right! Keymaster!

PARTIER #2
Key Man!

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: 45

Lloyd nods glumly. He's joined by the incongruous presence of MRS. EVANS, Lakeside counselor.

MRS. EVANS
Lloyd Dobler, I found you! You missed your career-counseling session again.

LLOYD
I guess I did.

MRS. EVANS
Your sister told me where you'd be. Call me obsessive-compulsive, but let's do it right now.

In the b.g., an emotional couple come charging out of the house.

CONFUSED BOYFRIEND
What did I do?

CRYING GIRL
Get away from me! Don't fucking follow me! Leave me alone!

But the Crying Girl looks back over her shoulder, hoping that her Confused Boyfriend is following. She gets in her Corolla -- with LHS 88 frosted on a side-rear window -- and cries against the steering wheel. Her Confused Boyfriend follows her, but he walks in zig-zags in the street, torn between her and friends yelling for him back at the party. Finally he just sits down in the middle of the street. His girlfriend drives off, leaves him.

LLOYD
But I know I'm capable of anything, and just feeling that is 90% of it, right?

MRS. EVANS
I haven't heard that figure, no.

(GIRL) PARTIER #3
You the Keymaster?

LLOYD
(glumly)
Yes.

She drops a set of keys in the sack, moves on.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: (2) 45

LLOYD
Everybody in our school is so career, career, career. These people are more intense than my parents. And they were intense. All year long, I waited for something to jump out at me. Nothing jumped.

MRS. EVANS
I'd like to put something on your record.

LLOYD
What about kickboxing, Sport of the Future? I say this, not as a jock.

MRS. EVANS
What do your parents say?

LLOYD
My father is an Army Captain in Germany, you know, so he wants to pull some strings. You know...
(sings)
...'Be. All that you can be...'

MRS. EVANS
I'm going to make an appointment for you at Seattle Junior College.

Mrs. Evans rummages for a pamphlet.

LLOYD
I've got to be honest, Mrs. Evans. I'm looking for something bigger right now. I'm looking for a dare-to-be-great situation.

MRS. EVANS
Junior college can be a dare-to-be-great situation.

More partiers pass, drop their keys. She hands him the pamphlet.

LLOYD
I'd better get back inside. I've got to find my date, Diane Court.

MRS. EVANS
Diane Court is your date?

Lloyd nods.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: (3) 45

MRS. EVANS
(impressed)
Well, get back inside. Here. Take the pamphlet and go.

Lloyd says good-bye to Mrs. Evans. She walks off. He puts the pamphlet under the windshield wiper of a parked car. He spots the Confused Boyfriend still sitting in the middle of the street.

LLOYD
Need a hand, bro?

BOYFRIEND
Fuck you!

LLOYD
(shrugs)
Have a nice life.

Lloyd walks back to the party. He finds a private spot by the side of the house. He leans against the wall, and takes a deep breath. Then he glances in a window and sees Diane.

46 INT. UTILITY ROOM 46

Diane talks with twenty-seven year-old English teacher MR. DEEGAN. She's at ease with adults.

MR. DEEGAN
I'm serious, call the principal and tell him. I'm too good for senior-lounge duty. He'll listen to you.

DIANE
Great. Give me the dirty work.

MR. DEEGAN
(laughing)
I was so glad when I saw you here tonight. The first time I've seen you outside...those four walls.

DIANE
That's true, isn't it.

MR. DEEGAN
(gathers courage)
I'll tell you a secret I couldn't tell you until you had that diploma in your hand...

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: 46

He takes a half-step closer. Lloyd appears in the window, sees her and steps out of view. Diane doesn't see him.

MR. DEEGAN
I'd like to see you sometime.

Diane is surprised.

DIANE
Really?

MR. DEEGAN
Come on. I was always smiling at you.

DIANE
(instinctive honesty)
I just thought you were a nice, happy guy.

He steps closer, appears close to a kiss attempt. She deftly steps away.

DIANE
I know what you're saying, Mr. Deegan. You're saying you enjoyed our friendship, and I did too, but you're not going to feel comfortable if you kiss me, so for your sake...thanks, and I understand.

He considers pushing it, but gives her a friendly cuff instead.

MR. DEEGAN
You're amazing. Have a great life.

DIANE
You too, Mr. Deegan.

He starts to exit, then turns back again.

MR. DEEGAN
I wish you were older.

She guides him out the door, turns to look out the window.

47 EXT. HOUSE 47

Lloyd just barely ducks out of her view. He squats on the ground.

LLOYD
Amazing.

48 INT. BACK ROOM 48

Corey sings her song "He Cries" to a small audience.

COREY
He cries. Why he cries Only now
I realize Joe lies When he cries...

49 INT. LIVING ROOM 49

Diane has a serious talk with Sheila, who makes quote marks around many of her words. Around them, annuals are being passed.

SHEILA
I know we were...
(does two-fingers)
...'ultra-competitive' this year but I just want to say that if it wasn't for...
(does two-fingers)
...'Diane Court-whoa' I probably wouldn't have gotten into Cornell because you made me study twice as hard...So thanks.

DIANE
Really?

SHEILA
God. Yes. I might as well tell you before you go off to your big...
(does two-fingers)
...'life.'

DIANE
You did the same for me.

SHEILA
I did? Really?

Diane nods. Sheila smiles. A moment while they consider this unexpected connection.

DIANE
I don't have an 'address' yet, but if you ever come to England, you better stay with me...

SHEILA
I'll give you my address.

They both dig in their purses.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: 49

SHEILA
Did you really come here with Lloyd Dobler? How did that...
(does two-fingers)
...'happen'?

DIANE
(thinks about it)
He made me laugh.

50 DIANE'S P.O.V. 50

as she sees Lloyd's head above the crowd. Lloyd acknowledges her, points a finger her way, and then he's gone.

51 EXT. BACKYARD - LATER 51

The punch is greenish-black. The music is louder.

51A INT. BACK ROOM 51A

Lloyd watches as Corey sings a new song.

COREY
He likes girls With names like
Ashleigh And Tammerlane...

In walk Joe and Mimi. Corey plays harder, changes tempo.

COREY
That will never be me That will never be me That will never be me...

Lloyd edges over to Joe.

LLOYD
She's pretty talented, isn't she Joe?

JOE
Why do you think I keep her tapes? They're going to be valuable someday.

Corey strums a little too hard and -- thwap -- breaks a string.

51B INT. BATHROOM (FORMERLY SC. 55) 51B

Mike Cameron drains a glass of Passion, stares at himself in the mirror.

(CONTINUED)

51B CONTINUED: 51B

MIKE
I look like fuckin' Eraserhead with this hair.

52 INT. KITCHEN DOORWAY 52

Corey stands with Diane, her arms on Diane's shoulders.

COREY
(pained)
Joe was my first sex, my first love, and he was going out with Mimi the whole time! That bastard will never break up with her!
(breath)
But if I see him, it's 'Hi Joe.' 'How are you?' And that's it. I'll be okay.

DIANE
Don't worry. He's at the other end of the house.

COREY
Too bad more guys can't be like Lloyd.

DIANE
(smiles)
He checks up on me. Look.

53 ANGLE ON THE LIVING ROOM 53

and it's a mass of bodies and clothes and couples. Lloyd's head pops into view, and then disappears again.

COREY
I'd better get back to my fans.

54 thru 54A OMITTED 54 thru 54A

55 INT. BATHROOM - LATER 55

Mike Cameron talks to a stylish girl with hair like his.

MIKE
Yeah. Hey. It's exactly what I wanted. I love it.

55A NEW SCENE 51A 55A

56 INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER 56

An annual passes among students, returns to Diane.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED: 56

Lloyd watches from across the party. He blends in with what is obviously the school's metal group, Magalady ("Laura," "Sue," "Ron"). They stand in the glow of a soundless television.

LAURA
Look at these guys. We kill these guys.

SUE
No doubt. We blow these geeks off the stage.

RON
Don't <u>even</u> compare us to this bullshit.

LAURA
We play better. We have better vocals. We have better equipment. We are so completely better.

57 ANGLE ON THE TELEVISION 57

and it's The Beatles.

58 EXT. BACKYARD 58

Diane stands surveying the backyard full of roaring partiers. Lloyd appears at her side.

LLOYD
So. We can finally talk.

Vahlere comes coolly walking out in the backyard, dressed as the Lakeside Rooster. A large 88 is on his back and front. His costume has seen a few Grad Nights.

ROOSTER
Lakeside Lakeside Have no fear!
How about another year!

STUDENTS
Never more! Never more!

They surge past Lloyd and Diane to raucously attack Vahlere, in an explosion of feathers. Diane looks on with wide-eyes, laughing.

DIANE
He does this every year?

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: 58

LLOYD
Worst job since Keymaster.

59 INT. GARAGE - SAME TIME 59

Corey gets a soft drink from the garage refrigerator.

COREY
(to herself)
Diet 7-Up. Diet Ice Tea. Diet Coke. Doesn't anyone drink real sugar anymore?

She hears the door shut, turns to see Joe. A long stare. They're like two animals caught in the headlights. Corey's hands ball into fists. She draws to within a foot of Joe's face.

COREY
I love you.

JOE
I love you too.

COREY
You invade my soul.

JOE
I want to get back together. Mimi's going to go to college. I'm going to be alone.
(pause)
But I'm going to break up with her before she leaves.

Corey hugs him tightly. Joe looks emotional.

JOE
Have sex with me.

COREY
No. You probably have the full disease.

He pulls out a twisted-looking palm-sized sculpture.

JOE
This is for you. I made this on 'shrooms, even though I don't take them anymore. I call it 'The Incubus.'

COREY
You made this for me?

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED: 59

Joe nods.

JOE
Have sex with me. Let's get back together.

She hugs him.

COREY
Hold me. Hold me while I make up my mind.

Corey doesn't answer. She pulls away.

COREY
(a revelation)
Good-bye, Joe.

Joe stares blankly. No reaction.

60 EXT. PUNCH TUB - LATER 60

The Purple Passion now looks like black lava. Vahlere and buddies wearily lift the tub, haul it past Lloyd and Diane. Lloyd looks at her. She smiles back. Lloyd passes out keys. Outside, cars are revving. Vahlere plays a tape of "Hawaii Five-O," which means the party's almost over. The Jock intercepts Lloyd. He's barely coherent.

JOCK
GIVE me my fuckin' KEYS.

LLOYD
(sign language)
You must CHILL. I am your FRIEND.

JOCK
I LOVE YOU MAN.

The Jock hugs Lloyd. Lloyd barely pries himself loose to say good-bye to Corey and D.C. Corey hugs Lloyd.

COREY
I feel so free. I hate it.

D.C. takes Lloyd aside and whispers in his ear.

D.C.
You're a great person, Lloyd Dobler. I'm just a good person, but you're a great person.

Diane joins him.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: 60

Vahlere's still picking feathers off himself.

LLOYD
I hereby surrender my duties as Keymaster. Give me a beer.

VAHLERE
(gives it to him)
Thanks, Lloyd. You're the best. Diane -- everybody loved that you came.

DIANE
You're a great rooster.

VAHLERE
Take care, you guys.

LLOYD
(takes a sip)
I'm happy to say this sack is officially...

He empties the sack on the floor. A key falls out.

LLOYD
...empty.

Vahlere pulls a feather out of his hair. He responds, Jack Webb-like.

VAHLERE
The back bathroom. Let's go.

61 OMITTED 61

62 EXT. BACK BATHROOM 62

Lloyd and Vahlere force open the door. Mike Cameron is hugging the commode, his face pressed up against the cool porcelain. Diane stares at him, like he's a car wreck.

LLOYD
Yep. He's been barking at the ants.

VAHLERE
Driving the Big White Bus.

MIKE
Igagethome...Igagethome.

VAHLERE
Looks like he dipped his hair in the bowl or something.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED: 62

LLOYD
Naw, that's his regular hair.

MIKE
Igagethome...

Vahlere turns to Lloyd.

LLOYD
No possible way, man. Nice party. This is where the Keymaster says Gooood Night. Come on, Diane.

VAHLERE
I'll take care of it.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

63 INT. LLOYD'S CAR - LATE NIGHT 63

Lloyd and Diane in the front seat. In the back seat, Mike Cameron sits angled so the side-vent blows cool air in his face.

MIKE
Igagethome.

LLOYD
Just say when, Mike.

Mike sighs, talks to himself in the window.

MIKE
I graduated. I got invited to Vahlere's party. I hate my hair. I asked the guy to make me look like Bono, he made me look like Bozo.

Lloyd and Diane share a private smile.

MIKE
I wanted to tell everybody how much I liked this school. Then I got blasted on Purple Passion. I spilled wax, I grabbed some girl's tit, her boyfriend threw me against a car. Great. Now I said 'tit' in front of a girl. Fantastic.

DIANE
You can say 'tit.'

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED: 63

MIKE
I fucked up my clothes, I broke the stereo...maybe all you people are right. I'm a joke. I'm a doofus. I'm doomed.

LLOYD
Wait a minute. You made an impact. Twenty years from now, people will remember Steve Cameron.

MIKE
Mike Cameron.

LLOYD
Mike Cameron.

MIKE
(sighs)
I think we're lost.

RADIO
And now...in its entirety, Pink Floyd's classic two-CD set, 'The Wall.'

The car glides into BLACK.

64 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - EARLY MORNING 64

It's the last hour of darkness. They're still driving with Mike.

RADIO
Whew. That was Pink Floyd's 'The Wall.' Hope you liked it.

MIKE
Here it is! I see it! Here's my house!

Lloyd screeches over. Mike gets out. He stands on the lawn in front of his sad greenhouse as the fog creeps in. He blows them a woozy kiss.

MIKE
You two are the best! Have a good life...or call me up!

64A LLOYD AND DIANE'S P.O.V. 64A

as they drive off. Mike gets smaller and the fog swallows him up. Then he turns around.

(CONTINUED)

64A CONTINUED: 64A

MIKE
Wait a minute! This isn't my house!

DISSOLVE TO:

65 EXT. LLOYD'S CAR - EARLY MORNING 65

Dawn. Diane flips through her yearbook, reads a few inscriptions.

DIANE
'Wish I could have known you more'...'Glad I finally met you'...'You always seemed nice'...
(closes book, blows hair out of face)
...I guess I was right.

LLOYD
What?

DIANE
Nobody knew me before tonight.

LLOYD
They knew of you. Now they know you.

DIANE
I felt like I fit in for the first time. I think they just held me at arm's length...and I did the same to them.
(then)
I'm so glad we did this.

She touches his arm.

LLOYD
English tips.
(pause)
Avoid hamburgers and just remember -- English people like you more than you think they do. They just like to talk with that one eyebrow kind of...up.

DIANE
(smiling)
I'll keep that in mind.

Lloyd smiles as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

66 EXT. SEVEN-ELEVEN - EARLY MORNING 66

They exit the Seven-Eleven. Lloyd holds a Big Gulp, Diane holds a coffee. There's no rush to get home. Early morning traffic in b.g.

DIANE
We can walk to my house from here...

LLOYD
So it's just you and your dad. How did that happen?

DIANE
It's a whole story. You don't want to hear it.

LLOYD
Sure I do.

DIANE
(quickly)
My parents split up when I was thirteen. My mother went to live with a younger guy. We went to court. I picked my father.

LLOYD
Shit. That's quite a story.

They continue the walk across the field.

LLOYD
(points)
Watch out for that glass.

DIANE
Thanks.
(she walks around it)
You know what -- you're a great date. I have never gone out with someone as...well, as <u>basic</u> as you.

Diane immediately regrets her choice of words.

LLOYD
Ditto.

DIANE
So what's your job this summer?

LLOYD
Being a great date.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED: 66

DIANE
(smiling)
I'm serious.

LLOYD
So am I. I want to see you again. As much as I can before you leave.

DIANE
I only have something like sixteen weeks.

LLOYD
Sixteen weeks is a lifetime.

DIANE
Then call me tomorrow.

LLOYD
Today is tomorrow.

DIANE
Then call me later.

Diane gives Lloyd a lengthy hug. No kiss. It's fine with Lloyd. She bolts for the door, and Lloyd coolly watches her disappear inside.

67 EXT./INT. COURT KITCHEN - MORNING 67

Mr. Court is just getting up as Diane walks in.

COURT
Morning honey.

DIANE
Dad...I'm so glad I went.

COURT
How was Lloyd?

DIANE
Lloyd was such a gentleman. He was funny and nervous and wonderful and I met people I would have never met and then I blew it and called Lloyd basic. Can't believe I did that.

Court casually opens the kitchen drapes and looks outside.

COURT
Well, I don't think he's reeling in embarrassment.

68 DIANE AND MR. COURT'S P.O.V. 68

as we SEE Lloyd outside on the corner. He's kissing his fists and doing a Sugar Ray Leonard salute in all four directions. Then he performs a quick shuffle dance that ends with a victory pump and a sharp slap to the top of a plastic trash bin.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

69 EXT. TOWN HALL PARKING LOT - NEXT AFTERNOON 69

Diane and Mr. Court exit Diane's new car. Court wears slacks and a casual shirt. Diane helps him carry some paperwork.

COURT
I should have worn a suit.

DIANE
No one's going to be looking at what you're wearing.

COURT
So you agree -- I should have worn a suit.

DIANE
You look fine.

They enter the Town Hall.

70 INT. TOWN HALL 70

Only a handful of people in town hall today. Diane is seated near the front, watching her father. He sits at a wooden table, a single microphone is trained on his mouth. He faces the City Council.

CITY COUNCILMAN
Mr. Court, can you tell us a little bit about the state of nursing homes in the Puget Sound...and why you've petitioned to expand your facilities?

Court laughs -- the amused, involuntary reaction of a man who is very comfortable being the center of attention.

COURT
Forgive me. Where should I start? I run a nursing home. Not homes. Home. There's a big difference.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED: 70

COURT (Cont'd)
These days you have corporations who own hundreds of nursing homes, and thousands of beds. They buy wheelchairs in bulk, and they care for their residents in bulk too...and that means the poorer patients suffer.

COUNCILMAN
For example.

COURT
As long as you're a private pay resident, you get a good room. But if you run out of money, and switch to a government program -- Medicaid -- you may find yourself taken to the hospital for a 'check-up,' and when you get back...your bed is filled. So you get switched to a smaller room, or maybe a different home, and maybe your buzzer doesn't get answered quite as quickly. It's a nightmare, it's a scam, and you'd be surprised at the government agencies who've checked me out once I started talking about this stuff.

Diane admires her father, who is getting through to this bored group.

COURT
My home is a family business. I feel we can add a new wing and still provide the personal service which I feel makes us the best. This is not a nursing home where the owner wears a suit and lives a thousand miles away...

COUNCILMAN
Speaking for the patients...

COURT
We call them 'residents.'

COUNCILMAN
How personal is the service you provide your residents?

COURT
Sir, I pureed beets this morning.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED: (2) 70

He holds up pinkish hands. Laughter from the room. While they laugh, Court holds up a photo of Paul Newman.

COURT
Doesn't this man look good? We all know him. He's sixty-three. He's a senior citizen.

Court shows a second picture of a less glamorous man.

COURT
This man isn't well-known. He's the same age. He came to my home last week. He lived alone. No one to help him...like so many others, he fell. Broke his hip. It took Christopher a day to drag himself to that phone. A day.
(pause)
Who's taking care of our elderly? A hundred years ago, people just died. Today they can live to be a hundred. It's a miracle. It's also a problem. Who's taking care of these people? Who's not just after a buck? These people are our parents. These people are us, the day after tomorrow.

Diane is deeply impressed. As the room applauds:

COUNCILMAN
(too close to mike)
That's a very moving speech, and we'll consider your application. Thank you.

71 thru 72 OMITTED 71 thru 72

INTERCUT:

72A INT. LLOYD'S APARTMENT/DIANE'S HOUSE 72A

Lloyd and Diane on the phone. Lloyd's working hard for date number two.

LLOYD
So when do you get off work?

DIANE
I usually have a break after the dinner service, if you want to stop by.

(CONTINUED)

72A CONTINUED: 72A

LLOYD
Let's do something later.

DIANE
I know you think my job is strange. You don't like old people, do you?

LLOYD
Me? Sure I do.

DIANE
Really?

LLOYD
Except for one thing. I used to work at a Smorgasboard. Old people used to flock there. And they loved to eat. They jammed their mouths and they'd eat with their mouths open and I'll just be honest with you -- it was too much for me.
(doesn't hear a response)
But I'm not sure I'm right.

DIANE
I think that's agism. Maybe their mouths don't work as well as yours...

LLOYD
Well, you sure turned me around.

73 INT. GOLDEN SEASONS DINING ROOM - DAYS LATER 73

The blackboard reads: LLOYD PRESENTS...COCOON.

Lloyd stands at the front of the large television in the Golden Seasons dining/entertainment room.

LLOYD
It's called Cocoon. I brought it from home, and I think you'll like this movie. I think any time a movie makes you feel differently when you walk...or roll out, that's a good movie. Right?

Eight nursing home residents stare at Lloyd with expressionless faces. Diane smiles from the back of the room.

LLOYD
Okay. Here we go...with Cocoon.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED: 73

The Walker gets up and starts walking out.

DIANE
The movie hasn't started yet, Mr. Taylor. We're going to have a good time.

She guides him back to his seat.

EVA
(half-joking)
Where's the popcorn?

SABINA
Please please please. Popcorn. Tha' tasted so good. Why can't I eat popcorn?

The others look at Sabina with sympathy. In a nursing home, sympathy is a luxury. Lloyd starts the VCR.

74 INT. HALLWAYS - AFTERNOON - DAYS LATER 74

Two older women play a piano together.

It's a cacophony of sighing, laughing, screaming and daytime television. Diane confidently strolls the hallways with Lloyd, gives Lloyd a tour. Lloyd looks uncomfortable as he glances inside a room. His nose twitches.

75 ANGLE ON THE ROOM 75

where a Man sits in his wheelchair, chewing furiously.

DIANE
Ever met anybody over a hundred?

LLOYD
(weirded out)
No.

DIANE
This is Bess. She's 103.

Bess is quiet-looking, black, wears wrap-around polarized sunglasses.

LLOYD
Nice to meet you.

BESS
You're too tall.

Lloyd drops down to her level.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED: 75

LLOYD
Can I try on your glasses?

BESS
Yes!

He lifts them off Bess, tries them on.

76 LLOYD'S P.O.V. - A DARK BLACK BLUR 76.

LLOYD
I like this world.

Lloyd assumes a Middle-Eastern persona.

LLOYD
I want to take both of you women tomorrow night.

BESS
I'm busy.

DIANE
I have to help my dad with a dinner party.
(pause)
You can come if you want.

Lloyd pulls the shades off.

LLOYD
I am available.

He puts them back on Bess, who laughs.

77 OMITTED 77

78 ANGLE ON JAMES COURT 78

who watches impassively from the other side of the dining room window.

79 INT. COREY'S ROOM - NEXT DAY 79

CLOSE ANGLE ON a freshly defaced Cosmopolitan Magazine held in D.C.'s hands. D.C. turns the magazine over, and a cache of blow cards fall to the bed. She picks up one, a perfume sample and applies it to herself as we're in the middle of a heated discussion.

INT. COREY'S ROOM - NEXT DAY

Corey, D.C. and Rebecca sit in Corey's room.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED: 79

D.C.
Meaning?

COREY
(holding guitar)
Meaning that she made the second date a family audition, which is the kiss of death for Lloyd.

REBECCA
Why?

COREY
Too much pressure. It's not his crowd.

D.C.
I told him to be himself.

COREY
But he's got that nervous talking thing...

REBECCA
(interrupts)
Hey. I know this is a strange thing to say, but maybe Diane Court really likes Lloyd.

Corey and D.C.'s look: unlikely.

COREY
If you were Diane Court, would you honestly fall for Lloyd?

They consider it. One by one, all three are surprised to nod -- yes.

80 EXT./INT. COURT KITCHEN - EVENING 80

Lloyd enters the kitchen through the back door. He's got a big sack of Chinese food.

DIANE
I was starting to worry about you.

LLOYD
It's cool.

He lowers the sack. They're both wearing the same shirt.

LLOYD
Nice shirt.

DIANE
You too.

80A INT. DIANE'S ROOM 80A

Lloyd looks around her room. He studies all the pictures on the wall.

DIANE'S VOICE
How about this one?

A hand reaches out of the bathroom, holding a shirt.

LLOYD
Looks great.

The hand retreats. Lloyd sees the dictionary by her bed.

LLOYD
Boy, this is a mutha dictionary.

DIANE'S VOICE
I know. I've had it forever. I used to have this thing about marking the words I look up...

Lloyd flips open the dictionary.

INSERT DICTIONARY as we SEE that the pages are black with marks. Lloyd shuts it quickly.

LLOYD
We'd better get out there.

81 INT. COURT LIVING ROOM - LATER 81

Dinner is over and everyone is satisfied. Present at the small party is Ruth the Administrator and her twelve-year-old son Rod, Al Kerwin the Accountant and his elegant wife, along with several others from the nursing home staff. Court pours sparkling water into various glasses -- glug glug -- as he talks. He's feeling good, King of the Castle. In the corner, a vintage jukebox plays "If I Were A Carpenter".

RUTH
You <u>just</u> <u>look</u> <u>beautiful</u>, Diane.

DIANE
Thank you.

Court bends down, puts his face near Diane's.

COURT
Same eyes. Same nose. Same mouth. See what a few millimeters can do?

Laughs.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: 81

KERWIN
So what airline do they send you over to England on?

DIANE
British Airways.

COURT
She's not the world's greatest flyer. When she was eight...

DIANE
Dad...

COURT
Why can't I tell the story?

RUTH
What story?

DIANE
If you're going to tell it, let me tell it.

COURT
Let me start it. I'm flying down to Los Angeles on business, and I decide to take her on her first airplane.

DIANE
I knew how planes flew, but I was still nervous...

COURT
Crash Paranoia.

DIANE
I had a checklist in my mind. I thought that if babies were on the plane, it couldn't crash. But all the babies were crying, so maybe they knew something I didn't...

COURT
And as soon as the doors shut, she started to scream. I'd never heard her scream quite like that.

DIANE
Then you got up and told them to turn the plane around and...

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: (2) 81

COURT
They did. Let me finish.

DIANE
Okay. I give up. Tell it.

COURT
Two federal marshals met the plane, took our address and asked us never to fly the friendly skies again.

Laughs.

DIANE
There's more!

COURT
One of the people on the plane worked in a recording studio, and we got a phone call saying that he was making a sound effects record and he'd gotten our address and could he come over and record her scream...which he did. And every once in a while, on a commercial, you can hear her scream...

KERWIN
You still have crash paranoia?

DIANE
(understatement)
Yes.

Everyone cracks up, and Lloyd still can't believe the repartee between father and daughter.

LLOYD
You two are amazing, the way you talk. I'm just like that with...forget it. I'm not like that with anybody.

A new record plays. It's James Brown.

LLOYD
This is a stellar jukebox, sir.

COURT
Thanks, Lloyd.

LLOYD
How do you obtain one of those?

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: (3) 81

COURT
What did we get the Wurlitzer for? That guy didn't want to part with it.

KERWIN
A little matter of nine-thousand-nine-hundred ninety-nine dollars.

COURT
And ninety-nine cents.

He and Kerwin laugh. Lloyd laughs along, sneaks a look at Diane that says: "I'll laugh at anything". She loves their private exchange.

COURT
(Darin-style)
'If I were a Carpenter...'

ROD
So guy -- you graduated Lakeside right?

Lloyd nods.

ROD
What are you going to do now?

This is Lloyd's least-favorite question.

COURT
Yes Lloyd -- what are your plans for the future?

LLOYD
(pure honesty)
To spend as much time with your daughter as possible before she leaves.

COURT
Seriously, Lloyd.

LLOYD
I am totally and completely serious.

More laughs.

ANGLE ON KERWIN AND HIS WIFE who share a look. This kid has it bad.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: (4) 81

LLOYD
My sister says it's the era of The Two D's -- drugs and disease. She's like this. And I told her -- hey, I'm not going to have a problem with the Two D's.
(pause)
My only problem is going to be getting Diane to marry me. The Third D.

ANGLE ON RUTH AND HER HUSBAND who share a look.

ANGLE ON COURT who looks at Lloyd strangely.

ANGLE ON DIANE who wants to crawl under a rock.

ANGLE ON LLOYD who now sees Diane is embarrassed.

LLOYD
Seriously, my father wants me to join the Army, which I feel is the wrong choice for me personally.

Mrs. Kerwin coolly takes out a cigarette, lights it.

MRS. KERWIN
Mind if I smoke?

Court points outside.

MRS. KERWIN
Seriously?

COURT
Seriously. I like my friends to stay healthy. I see what it does to people.

Mrs. Kerwin exhales sharply. Lloyd is anxious to get out.

LLOYD
I'll go out on the porch with you, ma'am.

Lloyd gets up and follows her. Court looks at Diane. Diane avoids the look.

82 thru 83 OMITTED 82 thru 83

84 EXT. PORCH - NIGHT 84

It's a cold night. Mrs. Kerwin smokes, sits on the porch. Lloyd smokes too. She exhales. He exhales.

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED: 84

LLOYD
What do you think, am I talking too much in there?

Smoke hangs in the night air. Mrs. Kerwin doesn't answer.

LLOYD
I know. He pissed you off...

A grey sedan pulls into the driveway. Mrs. Kerwin may or may not be listening to Lloyd.

LLOYD
...but he's a good guy.

MRS. KERWIN
(turning to Lloyd)
How do you know?

LLOYD
I just do.

MRS. KERWIN
You don't know him. You can't tell about people from appearances. For all I know, you could like little boys.

Lloyd turns slowly.

LLOYD
You know, <u>that</u> is a pretty intense thing to say.

Two men in suits exit the car, walk to the door and ring the bell.

LLOYD
Can I help you?

MAN #1 (STEWART)
(good-natured)
No, we're fine..

Diane answers the door. Court is right behind her.

COURT AND DIANE'S P.O.V.

as the two men in blue polyester suits display palm-sized blue cards. Curtis Stewart, 29, fills the doorway and does most of the talking. He speaks with the sneer of a man who is vastly underpaid.

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED: (2) 84

STEWART
Mr. James Court?

COURT
Yes?

Stewart notices Diane. His admiring eyes flick back to her as he talks to Court.

STEWART
I'm Mr. Stewart and this is Mr. Talbot. We're Special Agents of the Internal Renvenue Service and we'd like to inform you...

Court is in shock.

STEWART
...that you are under criminal investigation for the tax years 1982 through 1986.

COURT
Oh, Jesus.

Diane is scared and overwhelmed.

Lloyd is stunned, wonders how he can offer his assistance.

Mrs. Kerwin moves away.

Stewart and Talbot crane for a look inside the house. Talbot takes notes. Stewart starts asking casual questions.

STEWART
Just a few questions, sir. Are there any extra sources of income you might have forgotten to report?

COURT
Why are you here now?

STEWART
(friendly)
IRS works all hours. You looked after the estate of Mrs. Cynthia Weber, now deceased, did you not?

COURT
I have nothing to say until I've spoken with my lawyer.

Stewart and Talbot continue cataloging with their eyes.

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED: (3) 84

STEWART
Could we just talk now, just for a moment?

He takes a half-step into the house.

DIANE
Stop it.

She moves directly behind her father, blocking Stewart's view.

DIANE
You're not listening to him, you're trying to force your way in...you're supposed to represent the government and now you've just taken a step into our house and that's an infraction of personal rights...and...and everything like that.

Court admires his daughter's outburst, but attempts to take over.

COURT
Gentlemen...

STEWART
(unfazed)
Mr. Court, be aware that we'll be contacting a number of your business associates...

COURT
(pissed)
The evening is over.

Lloyd steps forward, gives the IRS men a menacing look.

STEWART
...and your former wife.

They turn and exit quickly.

LLOYD
Sir. You smoked 'em.

He wipes his hand, offers it to Court. Preoccupied, Court turns away. Diane steps in, squeezes Lloyd's hand for a quick moment. She looks panicked.

85 thru 86 OMITTED

86A INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

CLOSE SHOT ON A PIECE OF PIZZA. A fork plays with the toppings, then makes a bite, then makes a bite again...

We SEE that it is MRS. COURT, an attractive 45, who sits across from her daughter. Two empty diet cokes sit in front of her. In even intellectual tones:

MRS. COURT
You really don't have to get so wild over this. He's dealt with the IRS before, it comes with the territory. Believe me, oh. Before I forget, I did talk to that doctor about your fear of flying...

DIANE
Mom, will you just take a bite!

Mrs. Court looks startled by the outburst. She demonstrates taking a bite.

DIANE
I'm sorry. But they came to the door. They announced an investigation...

MRS. COURT
(restaurant whisper)
What am I supposed to say to you? Of course I won't say something bad about him.

A waiter passes with a plate of cocktails. Mrs. Court looks at the plate, perhaps a memory of something in her past, and then sips her Diet drink.

Diane notices.

MRS. COURT
I do have a history with this man that is not the greatest. I see you so little, I'd rather hear about you.

DIANE
(softens)
I thought I was telling you about me.

MRS. COURT
I don't even know if there's a young man in your life.

86A CONTINUED: 86A

DIANE
No. Possibly yes, but no.

MRS. COURT
See, that's interesting to me. That boy from Princeton doesn't still write you letters, does he? What does this one do?

86B thru 87 OMITTED 86B thru 87

87A SERIES OF SHOTS 87A

-- Lloyd demonstrates a kickboxing series for the elderly. (He looks out the window, sees Diane on the courtyard.)

-- Court wearily exits the office with an accountant's box full of tax records. Lloyd strides down the hall of the Golden Seasons with a VCR, smiles confidently at Mr. Court, who finds the camaraderie ill-timed.

-- Lloyd feeds The Chewer, which is no easy feat. Diane happens to see it. She is starting to fall for this guy.

-- Lloyd holds the ladder for Diane while she stacks some linen, she steps down. She remains within inches of his face, they almost kiss and don't. She slips away.

-- Lloyd and Diane walk to Lloyd's car in the parking lot. Same day. He's proud to be with her, it's in his walk. Then breaks loose and runs up and over his sturdy car, hops down next to her side-door and opens it. Laughing, he pulls her into the car. She can't believe this guy, kisses him impulsively. It's a great kiss, as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

87B INT. LLOYD'S APARTMENT - NEXT DAY 87B

Constance paces, talks to Lloyd who sits next to Jason on the sofa.

CONSTANCE
I'd better say this to you right now. You're younger than me, and I know what I'm talking about. Watch out for nice people. It's the nice people who turn into A-S-S-H-O-L-E-S. I worry about nice people.

Lloyd listens happily. Jason contentedly watches television.

(CONTINUED)

87B CONTINUED: 87B

CONSTANCE
This girl is leaving and you are staying. This is your first big heartbreak waiting to happen, and I don't want to stand here and say 'I told you so'.

LLOYD
You have to meet her.

CONSTANCE
I don't need to meet her. I don't want to meet her. I've <u>met</u> her.
(pause)
So think about what I'm saying.

LLOYD
I'll think about it.

88 OMITTED 88

89 INT. SHOT - LLOYD AND DIANE - NIGHT 89

VERY CLOSE ANGLE as they kiss. Their faces are close together, side-by-side. We SEE a part of a blanket. A radio plays at low volume. Lloyd wipes a thin stream of sweat from her cheek. They've just finished making love.

She squeezes him. Lloyd's face is that of someone who knows he's having a peak experience. He is confident, resolute, happy.

DIANE
I never thought I'd sleep with you.

We WATCH Lloyd's face as the confidence peels at the edges.

LLOYD
Really?

DIANE
I just couldn't picture it. I didn't think it would work. Boy was I wrong.

The confidence returns. Then, out of nowhere, he grits his teeth. He begins shaking.

DIANE
Are you shaking?

LLOYD
No.

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED: 89

DIANE
You're shaking.

LLOYD
Are you kidding? I don't shake.

DIANE
You're cold.

LLOYD
I don't think so.

DIANE
Then why are you shaking?

LLOYD
(chattering)
I don't know. I think I'm happy.

DIANE
Here's some more blanket.

Lloyd shivers. He pulls the blanket up.

DIANE
Listen to this. This is a good song.

She exits o.s. for a moment, turns it up. It's Nancy Wilson's "Emotional Love". It's a perfect moment, and we can almost see Lloyd trying to save it forever, as his teeth begin to chatter.

90 EXT. BLUFF - NIGHT 90

ANOTHER ANGLE, and we SEE that Lloyd and Diane have been in Lloyd's car. They're parking on a deserted bluff near the ocean. Beat.

LLOYD'S VOICE
Do you see those waves? They look fl...fluorescent.

DIANE'S VOICE
Just pull your blanket up.

LLOYD'S VOICE
I'm telling you. I'm not cold! I'm happy!

91 INT. COURT LIVING ROOM - EARLY MORNING 91

The doorknob turns slowly, silently. The door whispers open. Diane steps in. She smooths herself. All she wants is to get to her room. She knows every crack in the floor.

COURT
Morning.

DIANE'S P.O.V. as she sees her father sitting on the floor, still going over paperwork.

DIANE
(dread)
Dad. I'm sorry.

COURT
You should be!

DIANE
I was irresponsible and I should have called.

COURT
(rising)
You bet you should have called! You still live at home. Don't make me call the police at 3:30 in the morning. Don't make me call hospitals...

DIANE
Dad. I'm so sorry. I know this is a bad time.

She shuts her eyes.

COURT
You've always called. Always. Now you don't have to tell me what you did -- I just want to know if you're alright.

DIANE
I'm fine.

COURT
You want to make things easier for me? Then tell me where you were. Because this is -- this is <u>bullshit</u>.

DIANE
Oh Dad.

He stands, walks closer.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED: 91

COURT
(softening)
You can say anything to me. I hope you still know that.

DIANE
I know that.

She sits on the corner of the sofa. She sorts through her feelings.

DIANE
I spent the night with him.

COURT
Lloyd?

She nods.

DIANE
And I'm scared to death about what you think of me right now.

COURT
Don't. You don't have to be. I know...

DIANE
No, I am. Because you don't know what I see in Lloyd. You don't.
(pause)
And neither do I. He's not my type. He never was my type, and he'll never be my type...except I like being with him more than anybody else before. So it starts out confusing.

ANGLE ON COURT who is slightly relieved, as he listens intently.

COURT
Sit down. Go ahead.

DIANE
Dad -- you know what he did the first night I went out with him? We were walking across the field over there, by the Seven-Eleven. And he pointed out some glass, for me to walk around...
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED: (2) 91

DIANE (Cont'd)
(pause)
...I always think about that, when people say 'What are you doing with Lloyd Dobler?'
(pause)
I thought -- would Joel Bernstein have ever done that? No. Would Neal Preston have even done that? Kelly Curtis?

COURT
Was he the one who hired the skywriter?

DIANE
Yes.

COURT
Just checking.

DIANE
I never get nervous around him. So we've spent all this time together. As friends. But I could feel him getting anxious...

ANGLE ON COURT getting anxious about this story.

DIANE
I knew there would be a confrontation over getting physical. He started getting that look at the end of the night...you know that look?

Court laughs, a little nervously, anticipating the end of this story.

DIANE
And then you know it's going to be an issue. So I went through all the different feelings, all the different arguments you're supposed to go through. What will it do to...reputation? Health? The friendship?

COURT
Did he ever get rough with you?

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED: (3) 91

DIANE
Never. But I didn't want any problems. So I decided that I wasn't going to sleep with him.
(pause)
And then I attacked him anyway. Don't worry, we were safe.
(laughs, relieved)
It always feels good when I tell you the truth. Because if I can't share it with you, it's almost like it didn't happen.

ANGLE ON COURT who smiles ruefully..

92 OMITTED 92

93 INT. COREY'S ROOM - LATER 93

Corey and D.C. stare upward, looking sad. Corey holds a guitar.

COREY
Sorry we missed your fight.

ANGLE ON LLOYD stands in the small room holding a Big Gulp. He's a little puffy.

LLOYD
No problem. I almost won.

D.C.
Are you okay?

LLOYD
I feel fine. I feel <u>intense</u>.

The girls share a look.

LLOYD
I wrote her a letter.

D.C.
Well...

COREY
What does it say?

Lloyd whips out a blue envelope, handles it delicately. He's completely amped.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED: 93

LLOYD
I need you guys to tell me the truth. Tell me if I should send this. I don't have to say this is between us.

Corey gives him an annoyed look.

LLOYD
Okay. 'Dear Diane...'

He looks at the girls, then back at the note.

LLOYD
(belligerent)
'I'll always be there for you. All the love in my heart...Lloyd.' That's it. That's all. What do you think?

The two girls are deeply affected by this note.

COREY
I just.....
(near tears)
...I've never gotten a letter like that. Have you, D.C.?

D.C.
I dream about it.

LLOYD
This is it! This is the reaction I want!

Corey grabs the letter, places it in the blue envelope and licks it herself.

COREY
Get ready for greatness, Lloyd.

Lloyd does a classic Elvis-style karate pump.

94 thru 101 OMITTED 94 thru 101

102 EXT. GARDEN - DAY 102

Court waters the small backyard garden, as Diane arrives with a few letters. Diane holds Lloyd's unopened electric blue envelope in her hand.

COURT
Thanks hon.

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED: 102

DIANE
(turning)
Sure.

COURT
Do you have to rush off right now?

DIANE
No. Of course not.

COURT
I need to talk to you about something. Let's do it tonight.

DIANE
Okay. I have something too.

COURT
Listen. I want to do mine right now. What's yours?

DIANE
All right. Here's mine.
(breath)
Dad, I've been thinking that it's a little selfish to leave when you need me here.

COURT
No. That scholarship is the best thing that happened to <u>us</u>.

DIANE
I know, but...

COURT
Let me tell you in a way that might mean something to you.

Court pauses, then bellows at the heavens.

COURT
YOU ARE GOING TO <u>ENGLAND</u>. I WILL <u>NOT</u> LET YOU STAY..

DIANE
Well. Okay.

COURT
Forget about the IRS. They want to make our lives miserable for a few months, they'll move on. That's not what's bothering me.

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED: (2) 102

DIANE
Is it the other morning?

COURT
Partially.

DIANE
Which part?

COURT
The Lloyd part.

DIANE
(patronizing)
Dad. Don't worry.

COURT
No. I am not a jealous father. I think Lloyd is a hell of a kid. I like him.

DIANE
So do I.

COURT
Do you love him?

DIANE
I love <u>being</u> with him.

COURT
Are you taking him to England?

DIANE
<u>Dad</u>...

COURT
Well?

DIANE
No!

COURT
Then I'm surprised at you.

DIANE
He knows I'm leaving. We talk about it.

COURT
He tell you he loved you?

DIANE
No!

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED: (3) 102

COURT
Now stop. You're closing up like a book. Stop it. We're talking and we can talk about anything. And we're talking -- okay?

DIANE
We're talking.

COURT
You can say anything to me. Can't I do the same with you?

DIANE
Of course.

COURT
(quieter)
You don't think I see what's going on? More than you know. I understand. You meet a nice guy who's not at all like those frat boys you can't stand, and boom -- you think 'here's somebody I can cry over on the plane to England...' Stop me if I'm off the mark.

Diane says nothing.

COURT
It's not fair to Lloyd. This kid is like the plains of Kansas, honey, miles of corn moving slowly in the breeze.

DIANE
It doesn't feel wrong.

COURT
Maybe not. But when you're the smartest girl in the country, it's selfish. Because when you're gone, he's going to hold everybody else up to a measuring stick and trust me -- they are not going to match up. You're going to hurt him.

This seems to reach her.

DIANE
(thoughtful)
He's the first guy I've ever gone out with who was my own age.

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED: (4) 102

COURT
So -- you feel you lack some necessary superficiality?

Beat.

DIANE
The teachers love me, great. This is the first summer I haven't gone to school, and you know what -- I'm having fun before I have to leave.

COURT
And if you were staying?

DIANE
I don't know what would happen.

COURT
You're not thinking. It's like your mind is state-of-the-art, and that one compartment that deals with Lloyd is...

DIANE
Lonely.

COURT
Lonely is this house after you leave, but that doesn't need to enter this conversation...

DIANE
Are you okay, Dad? What are they doing to you? What is going on?

COURT
Bare bones?

DIANE
Of course.

COURT
I'm scared.

The honesty gets to her.

DIANE
Aw, Dad.

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED: (5) 102

COURT
They don't believe I'm innocent, honey.
(pulls away)
But they'll find out the truth, they'll shake my hand and I'll call you all the way in England and tell you.

DIANE
I don't want you to worry about me, Dad.

COURT
I know you, young lady...since that first day they held you up in the hospital. You were an old soul. And part of that responsibility of being a special person is that you don't make the other person feel less than special.

DIANE
I would never do that to Lloyd.

COURT
But that's exactly what you're doing. You care about him and you have a responsibility toward the people you care about and that's the way I brought you up.

DIANE
I couldn't...

COURT
You can do it nicely. Give him a present.
(a thought)
Give him this. He can use it to write you.

He pulls an expensive-looking black fountain pen from his shirt pocket.

DIANE
This looks too expensive.

COURT
It says you still care about him.

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED: (6) 102

DIANE
You're asking me to break up with him because he might be in love with me?

COURT
(recklessly)
Yes! Absolutely!

Court has an immediate afterthought.

COURT
But damn it, that is not you and me. No. I will not tell you what to do. You make your own decision and stick with it.

DIANE
I'll think about it.

She puts her arm around him for a moment, and then offers him his pen back. His hand motion says -- you keep it -- and she finds herself doing so. She shakes her head, walks back to the house. She looks carefully at the blue envelope in her hand. She sits down on a bench by the back door, reads it.

103 INT. CAR - DRIVING - NEXT DAY 103

Lloyd behind the wheel. His arm is around Diane.

LLOYD
So. Check your mail tomorrow for a blue letter from me.

Diane turns to Lloyd.

DIANE
Your letter came yesterday.

LLOYD
It did?

DIANE
It was wonderful.

LLOYD
You should have told me! Because I was worried. I have never mentioned the Big L to anybody who wasn't in my family. Shit, I wrote it, so I guess I can say it...

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED: 103

DIANE
No! We don't have to say it.

LLOYD
But I was just going to...

DIANE
I know but...

LLOYD
No, I know.

DIANE
Thank you.

LLOYD
I love you.

LLOYD
I said it.

DIANE
I know.

LLOYD
And I would say it again.

DIANE
No! Please. Don't start putting things on that level.

LLOYD
What do you mean? This is a good level.

DIANE
Lloyd...

LLOYD
What?

DIANE
...how can I look at your face and say this?

LLOYD
Say what?

DIANE
I think we should spend some time apart.

LLOYD
What's wrong? You need to study?

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED: (2) 103

DIANE
Well, yes, but I just think we should spend some time apart too.

LLOYD
But you're leaving in ten weeks and four days. How much time do you need...I'm just asking questions here.

DIANE
We'll see.

LLOYD
Okay. It's good knowing this.

Lloyd pulls up to her house, stops. He stares straight ahead for a moment.

LLOYD
Wait. What did we just decide?

DIANE
We decided...

LLOYD
Because I'm worried -- did you just break up with me?

DIANE
No. We decided we're friends. I mean, I know it's a terrible word...

LLOYD
But if we're friends, why can't we see each other?

DIANE
I think we should stop going out. On dates.

Lloyd feels a tidal wave of disappointment. He takes his arm back.

LLOYD
I feel like a dick. You must think I'm a dick.

DIANE
No I don't.

LLOYD
Yes you do.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED: (3) 103

DIANE
Lloyd, we shared the most intimate thing any two people can share...

LLOYD
You shared it with a dick!
(pause)
This is because of your father, isn't it?

DIANE
No.

LLOYD
Did you talk to Corey or something?

DIANE
Why -- did you tell Corey about what happened between us?

LLOYD
She figured it out.
(head down)
I'm sorry if that upsets you.

He looks up for a reaction.

DIANE
No, that's fine. She'll tell everybody in the world, but that's fine.

LLOYD
Did you tell anybody?

DIANE
Just my dad.

LLOYD
Unbelievable.

DIANE
You have Corey and D.C. I have my dad.

LLOYD
I knew this was because of your dad.

DIANE
He likes you.

LLOYD
He's purchasing an UZI right now.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED: (4) 103

DIANE
He's in trouble. I need to spend more time with him...and you know it.

LLOYD
What if I don't take no for an answer?

DIANE
Lloyd.

LLOYD
What if I'm on your doorstep? What if I'm in your driveway? What if I'm in your dreams?

DIANE
Don't do that, Lloyd.

LLOYD
You don't love me, right? That's what this is about.

Diane can't disagree.

LLOYD
You don't know me well enough to not love me!

DIANE
Lloyd. I...
(with fingers)
...'love' you. Okay?

LLOYD
Great. One party at Vahlere's and you're already talking like 'Sheila'!

DIANE
Don't be mean. This is hard for me too.

She rummages in her purse and pulls out the black pen.

DIANE
I want you to use this to write me and I'll always write back the same day...

She hands him the pen. Lloyd stares at it. He doesn't want to touch it.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED: (5) 103

LLOYD
I don't believe this.

She puts the pen on his dashboard. Lloyd fights back tears in small gulps.

LLOYD
(incredulous)
You just broke up with me.

104 INT. CAR - DRIVING - LATER AFTERNOON 104

Lloyd is red-eyed. He's been crying. He sees something up ahead that doesn't help.

LLOYD
Great. Stuck in traffic.

105 EXT. LLOYD'S P.O.V. - LATER 105

A MOTORCYCLE COP places a detour in the middle of the road, stops traffic. He halts an impatient motorist.

COP
I'm sorry. This street is closed for a funeral procession.

The motorist huffs, makes a U-turn. Lloyd is the car at the corner. The traffic cop takes one look at Lloyd. He sees Lloyd's red eyes.

COP
Come right on through.

He motions Lloyd forward. Lloyd joins the procession.

106 EXT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT 106

Lloyd is at a pay phone. It's raining. He leans against the side of the booth with his head.

LLOYD
Hello Constance? I'm in Portland, Oregon.

CONSTANCE'S VOICE
What are you doing in Portland?

LLOYD
She broke up with me.

CONSTANCE'S VOICE
Oh Lloyd. I'm so sorry.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED: 106

He sees another person outside, waiting for the phone. He hands them his umbrella as he continues:

LLOYD
I went to a funeral. They had an open casket.

CONSTANCE'S VOICE
You saw the body.

LLOYD
He was happier than me.

CONSTANCE'S VOICE
Lloyd...

LLOYD'S P.O.V. sees his face in the steel reflection of the telephone, as he begins to rail against the world.

LLOYD
I gave her my heart. She gave me a pen.

CONSTANCE'S VOICE
Lloyd, honey. Just come home.

LLOYD
I'll be home soon.

He hangs up, exits the pay phone.

107 INT. GOLDEN SEASONS DINING ROOM - NEXT DAY 107

The CAMERA MOVES DOWN the table as James Court pours coffee for Sabina, then the Walker...and then IRS Agent Stewart, who puts his hand over the cup.

STEWART
(joking)
No more for me. I've got to drive home.

COURT
Whatever you want.

STEWART
The Cynthia Weber Estate was worth how much? Because her family...

COURT
What family? We never heard from them. I sold her house and made her money.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED: 107

STEWART
In 1982...that was the year you took your daughter on a trip to Europe, right?

He smiles at Diane.

COURT
That's right.

STEWART
Did you go to Paris?

COURT
Yes. Beautiful city.

Diane watches, barely containing her rage. She dishes out applesauce to a few late eaters.

SABINA
Thank you.

Court moves away. Stewart gets up, follows him.

BESS
(to Court)
My dress, it's caught.

STEWART
That was a fairly expensive trip, wasn't it?

COURT
Hold on. Her dress is caught.

Court untangles her dress from the wheelchair. Stewart absent-mindedly picks up a magazine from the table, thumbs through it, and puts it down on another table. Court finishes the task in short order.

STEWART
1983...

COURT
Sir, excuse me, but that woman sitting there is one hundred and three. Her name is Bess, and you just treated her like she was invisible. She might have wanted to read that magazine, did that occur to you?

Stewart looks at Bess, than at Court.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED: (2) 107

STEWART
Were you going to read that?

BESS
(poker-faced)
Yes!

Court is touched, smiles at the old woman. Stewart glares at Court, and Diane catches it.

STEWART
I'll be in touch tomorrow.

DIANE
I'll show you the door.

108 INT. DIANE'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT 108

Diane in bed, late at night. The window is open. She's on her side, rearranging pillows, unable to sleep. She opens her eyes, shuts them, turns off a documentary news program she's listening to on her clock radio. The breeze outside brings in the faraway strains of a familiar song. It sounds like "Emotional Love". She gets up on an elbow, listens, then lies back down. We MOVE PAST HER, OUT THE OH WINDOW, THROUGH THE LEAVES, INTO THE NIGHT AND UP THE HILL.

109 ANGLE ON LLOYD 109

who stands on the hillside, backlit by the parking lights of his car. He's holding a beat box above his head. Feet astride, he points the music down to her bedroom. The song ends and he gets back in his car.

110 EXT. LLOYD'S P.O.V. STREETS - LATE NIGHT 110

Lloyd drives. His streets, his world. He's talking into a hand-held tape recorder.

LLOYD
It's me. It's pretty late. I'm just cruising around. I know I haven't called you lately...I guess I don't want to be reminded of the Diane Nightmare. By the way, I've wiped her from my mind. I can hardly remember the time and place when I knew her.

EXT. LLOYD'S P.O.V. BELL SQUARE

The mall in Bellevue.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED: 110

LLOYD
Well. This is it. The site of our controversial first 'date'.

111 OMITTED 111

112 EXT. UNIVERSITY DISTRICT 112

Lloyd drives, continues his audio tour.

LLOYD
Here's the street where she started to break up with me. This is the path we took.
(pause)
Corey -- I guess that, in a way, I've held it against you that you let me send that letter. But then I thought it was the right thing too.
(pause)
Maybe I know too many girls. Maybe I should hang out more with the guys. I should be one of those guys who hangs out at the AM/PM. I don't know. Do guys like that really have fun?

113 EXT. AM/PM - NIGHT 113

Joe sits with three buddies (Mark, Denny, Howard) outside the AM/PM. They're holding beers, listening to the bass-heavy stereo blasting from the opening doors of Joe's car. Lloyd sits with them, finishes chugging a beer.

JOE
Lloyd Lloyd Lloyd. Listen.

LLOYD
I'm listening.

JOE
No babe is worth it.

HOWARD
You can't trust 'em bro. They spend your money and tell their friends everything.

JOE
Where'd she dump you?

LLOYD
The car.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED: 113

JOE
Your car?

Lloyd nods.

JOE
Oh heinous.

LLOYD
It was.

JOE
Your only mistake was that you didn't dump her first.
(swishes beer)
We need more brews.

HOWARD
Truth, man.

Lloyd looks restless.

JOE
I could find you a hot, lit babe instantly.

MARK
I know a kegger in Bothell.

JOE
Come with us to kegger. Command your future destiny.

Lloyd tosses his empty can into a bin.

LLOYD
You know, I don't think I'm going to see someone like Diane Court at a kegger.
(pause)
This girl was different. She didn't need for me to spend a lot of money, go 'out' all the time. I think the few times we went out, I only spent a couple bucks.

GUYS
(finally impressed)
All right.

LLOYD
We made the connection, big-time. Then she cut me loose. Who knows
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED: (2) 113

LLOYD (Cont'd)
the real reason, but all of a sudden whooph. I'm in the bottomless abyss. I'm gone, I'm toast. I'm history.
(punches air)
And I was ready to spend the major part of my life with this girl. I was daring to be great. Diane Diane Diane.

JOE
Lloyd. Chill. I don't even feel that way about my car.

HOWARD
Shit, man.

LLOYD
(negative)
This is the last time I will ever think about her. Okay. That's it. She's ancient history.

Two girls exit the AM/PM. Joe guides one of them to Lloyd. She's an attractive red-head.

RED-HEAD
Hi.

LLOYD
Hi. What's your name?

RED-HEAD
Diana.

114 INT. CAR - STREETS - NIGHT 114

Lloyd is driving again. It's raining lightly.

LLOYD
That was a mistake.
(pause)
The rain on my car is like a baptism. I'm the new me. The Iceman. The Power Lloyd. My assault on the world begins now.

LLOYD'S P.O.V. - STREET SIGN

LLOYD
That was her street. I don't travel down that street anymore.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED: 114

Lloyd turns the wheel to the left.

LLOYD
Yes I do.

Lloyd turns the wheel to the right.

115 EXT. DIANE'S STREET 115

The car travels backwards down the street. The lights cut off.

LLOYD
(whispers)
I'm going to make a backward approach from the west, so I don't face her window.

He backs up to the house and stops.

LLOYD
Yep. That's where she sleeps. The girl who said 'Lloyd Dobler -- thank you but NO.'

Lloyd backs up a little more, until he's parallel with James Court's Volvo. Lloyd is looking at the house. At first he doesn't notice the surprising sight inside Court's Volvo. It's Court himself -- groggy, stuporous and antagonistic. He's all but passed out, but he turns and focuses on Lloyd's car.

They see each other. Court fumbles to open the door. Lloyd panics and speeds up off.

115A ANGLE ON LLOYD'S REARVIEW MIRROR 115A

as we SEE Court in the street light. He stumbles to his feet, motions for Lloyd to come back. Lloyd disappears.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

116 INT. GOLDEN SEASONS TV ROOM/HALLWAY - NEXT DAY 116

A fresh-faced Court speaks to the residents. Diane stands off to the side, admiring her father for making this tough speech.

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED: 116

COURT
We've had some trouble. People are going to ask questions, and that's fine.
(holds up newspaper)
'If it's in the paper, he must have done something wrong'.

Twenty nursing home residents hear this speech. Their faces tell their affection for this man.

COURT
(discards paper)
All I can say is, come to me. I'll talk to anybody. I'm an honest man in a business that doesn't have many...believe me.
(a laugh)
I'll be fine. You'll be fine. So let's just continue on with our long long lives. Here comes lunch and it's a lot more important.

Diane watches. She's impressed and a little embarrassed for him. She walks over to her father. They walk out into the hallway together.

DIANE
I wish more of the relatives had been here for that.

He shrugs if off, feels the material of her dress.

COURT
You'd better get some warmer clothes than this for England.

DIANE
Clothes? I don't even have my luggage yet. I guess I can't go, huh?

Court eyes her carefully.

DIANE
Just kidding, Dad.

117 INT. LUGGAGE STORE - NEXT DAY 117

James Court is the only customer in a sea of suitcases. He examines a very nice set of woman's leather touring cases. A smart-looking SALESWOMAN, 45, hovers nearby.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED: 117

SALESWOMAN
Is it a gift for your wife? We could put a set together.

Court offers a polite shake of his head. Another customer, a 50ish businessman, enters the store.

COURT
I'm not married. It's for my daughter.

SALESWOMAN
Is she going to school?

He nods, battles the desire to brag. He keeps himself to one word.

COURT
Fellowship.

SALESWOMAN
Good for her!

She offers Court a great lingering smile. Court laughs to himself, sneaks a look at her hand.

117A ANGLE ON HER WEDDING HAND 117A

and there's no ring.

COURT
(feeling good)
I'd like the set too.

She rips the tag on the bigger piece and he follows her to the cash register.

COURT
I've got to tell you. You have the best smile I've seen all week.

SALESWOMAN
Why thanks. I like yours too.

Court hands her his VISA card. Now he's really juiced. The Saleswoman turns, runs the card through the credit machine and waits for a code. Court wonders -- should I take this further?

ANGLE ON THE BUSINESSMAN who gives Court a look -- I would.

COURT
I don't even know your name, but...what are you doing for lunch?

(CONTINUED)

117A CONTINUED: 117A

The Saleswoman turns around.

SALESWOMAN
I'm sorry. But there's a decline code on all your accounts.

Court is utterly embarrassed, looks over to the businessman. The businessman now avoids looking at Court.

SALESWOMAN
I have another customer, but if you'd like to wait...

COURT
No. no thanks. Thank you.

He leaves.

118 EXT. COREY'S BACKYARD - DAY 118

Corey sits holding her electric guitar. She's tipped back in a chair. It's a beautiful day, a beautiful backyard, and the three friends are glum and silent. A long moment passes.

COREY
I've got a new song. It's called 'The Ballad of Lloyd.'

She begins strumming. It's a plaintive-sounding song.

COREY
(powerfully)
'He was a Man-Boy...'

Lloyd's hand flashes out and clamps onto the neck of the guitar. WHOMP. He renders the guitar soundless. Corey strums again -- crunk -- but it's useless.

LLOYD
Don't ever play that song again. For anybody.

He withdraws his hand.

COREY
I can't even play 'The Ballad of Lloyd' for Lloyd. Great.

D.C.
Look. Why don't you just call Diane again?

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED: 118

LLOYD
I draw the line at seven unreturned phone calls.

COREY
(dramatic)
You have to understand, Lloyd. Her family's being ripped apart, just like you and she were ripped apart, just like Joe and I were ripped apart.

D.C.
Visit her at the home.

LLOYD
I actually started to like that place. And I know her dad could use the help. But I will not go back.

COREY/D.C.
Why?

LLOYD
Because I'm a guy. I've got pride.

COREY
You're not a guy. The world is full of guys -- ech. Be a man, but don't be a guy.

LLOYD
If she wants me, she can come to me.

There is a noise at Corey's gate. Corey sees something and stares.

COREY'S P.O.V. and standing at the back gate is Joe. He unlocks the gate and walks within eight feet. He stops and stares.

Corey stands her ground. She stares silently.

JOE
(hopeful)
Hello.

COREY
(terse)
Hello.

After a long silent beat, D.C. turns to Lloyd.

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED: (2) 118

D.C.
This could take a while.

LLOYD
I know.

D.C.
I better get home.

LLOYD
I'll walk you out.

D.C./LLOYD
'Bye Corey. 'Bye Joe.

Corey and Joe remain focused on each other.

JOE
Good-bye.

COREY
Good-bye.

118A EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON - MINUTES LATER 118A

Lloyd and D.C. walk to the street corner. As they walk, she puts an arm around his waist.

D.C.
I've got my arm around you.

LLOYD
I know.

D.C.
Is that okay?

LLOYD
'Course.

D.C.
Don't you ever forget our deal, Lloyd Dobler. You have this whole decade to fool around, but the next one is mine.

They reach the corner, and they go their separate ways.

119 INT. BATHTUB - DAY 119

James Court sits in an empty bathtub, fully-clothed. He's breaking down, trying not to surrender to the absolute misery of his life. A sharp knock at the door.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED: 119

DIANE'S VOICE
You'd better get to work, dad!

COURT
I'm just finishing up in here.

Slowly, he pulls it together, climbs out.

120 INT. BEDROOM - LATER 120

Diane rummages through a mass of clothes in her bedroom. We've mostly seen her dressing against her looks. Now she dresses to them. She finds the belt she's looking for, puts it on.

121 INT. IRS WAITING ROOM - LATER 121

Diane sits on a hard plastic chair. Around her swirls the activity of an IRS audit waiting room -- accountants with shoeboxes full of receipts, noisy kids, and nervous audit subjects. No artwork on the wall, just calendars.

SECRETARY
Regarding James Court?

Diane rises, walks to a locked door. They BUZZ her inside.

122 INT. MR. STEWART'S OFFICE 122

Diane sits across from IRS Agent Stewart in a small orange cubicle. On his desk is a mass of paperwork, and a box of Ding Dongs.

DIANE
Thank you for seeing me.

STEWART
I can't talk to you about the case.

Stewart sips some coffee. We MOVE IN ON her face as she speaks.

DIANE
I've known him longer than anybody.
I've lived with him my whole life.
He's an honest man.

Stewart sips coffee, doesn't take notes.

DIANE
You've talked to everybody else.
Talk to me.

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED: 122

He wipes his mouth with a napkin, never takes his eyes off her.

DIANE
Where does the system allow for me to defend my father? What am I supposed to do?
(helpless)
I wore these clothes, hoping that if I acted right or looked right, you'd talk to me. I look awful and I feel awful and...
(pause)
...Could you just talk to me?

STEWART
(simply)
We believe that he operates from a large pool of cash that comes from phony billing, phony patients, and from the estates of the residents he looks after.

DIANE
I feel sorry for you people. You're cynical and there's no way you can turn it around. You clearly don't have a family...

STEWART
Don't worry about my family. Check for yourself. See if your father fits the profile.

Pause.

DIANE
What's the profile?

STEWART
Look around the house. Is everything nice, but not too nice? Are there a lot of rugs, pieces of art, stereo equipment, furniture, things he bought with cash?
(pause)
Does he give a lot of gifts?
(pause)
Do the major items in your house hover around the nine-thousand dollar range...

It comes first as an unpleasant little jolt.

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED: (2) 122

DIANE
Why nine-thousand dollars?

STEWART
Because anything you buy over ten-thousand gets reported directly to us. And when you're scared of that, you fit the profile.

DIANE
You're trying to get me to say something. That's why you're telling me this.

STEWART
Whatever your father did, don't let it infect your life.

DIANE
How can you <u>say</u> that?

STEWART
Because he's guilty.

DIANE
You...

STEWART
We have the records, we have the proof. Now the Feds want in on this too. It's not just Cynthia Weber's estate...there are fifteen more Cynthia Webers. A lot of money has disappeared. This is going to get very ugly, and I wouldn't let it affect your life. I'm sorry to be the one to tell you this.
(with enormous conviction)
Your father will probably be going to jail.

Diane is beyond shock...deeply sad.

DIANE
Spare me your fucking understanding act. You're wrong.

She gets up and exits.

123 REPOSITIONED TO NEW SCENE 128B 123

123A REPOSITIONED TO NEW SCENE 128D 123A

124 OMITTED 124

124A INT. COURT LIVING ROOM - LATER 124A

Diane stands in the living room.

DIANE
Hello? Anybody home?

She sits down on the sofa, tries not to get drawn into a certain line of thinking.

SHOT OF THE JUKEBOX standing in the living room.

SHOT OF THE CAR in the driveway.

SHOT OF THE ARTWORK

SHOT OF THE SAPPHIRE RING on her hand.

124B INT. HOME OFFICE 124B

Diane is furiously opening drawers. She doesn't find what she's looking for.

124C OMITTED 124C

124D INT. LIVING ROOM 124D

Diane rummages through his office. She doesn't find it. She is relieved, almost gleeful.

DIANE
They made me doubt you.

Then she notices the large box in his office. She goes to it. It's locked, so she tries to open it with a nearby pair of scissors. She yanks and pops the lid. She hesitates, then flips it open.

ANGLE ON THE BOX and it's filled with stacks and stacks of well-thumbed bundles of cash. Diane backs against the wall, too stunned to cry. Her fists ball up. She falls onto the floor, on her side. The SOUND of her breathing.

125 thru 128 OMITTED 125 thru 128

128A INT. CAR - STREETS 128A

Diane drives through the streets, grinding the gears on her car.

128B EXT./INT. LLOYD'S APARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON 128B

Constance answers the door holding a glass of orange juice. Diane stands there, a wreck in tinted glasses.

(CONTINUED)

128B CONTINUED: 128B

DIANE
Am I...am I bothering you? It looks like you're eating and I don't want to bother you...but is Lloyd here? I didn't call and...

CONSTANCE
(senses urgency)
Diane?

DIANE
Yes.

CONSTANCE
I'm Constance.
(wipes hand on apron, shakes)
Come on in, hon. Lloyd's practicing right now. I'll write down the address where he is.

Diane steps in. It's Diane's first visit to this apartment, and she looks at the small place with fascination.

CONSTANCE
This is Jason.

Jason sits on the couch, wearing a headband and messy bib. He watches her carefully.

DIANE
Hi.

JASON
Hi.

She notices Lloyd's mirror in the corner. Stuck to the mirror are two pictures.

ANGLE ON THE GRADUATION PICTURE and the strange photo of them together.

ANGLE ON THE YELLOW PAGES AD and it's cartoon rendering of perfect Diane serving the perfect resident.

CONSTANCE
Here you go.

128C INT. KARATE STUDIO - AFTERNOON 128C

Lloyd works out with a tough sparring opponent. Lloyd looks leaner, tougher, better.

(CONTINUED)

128C CONTINUED: 128C

VOICE
Hey Lloyd -- someone here to see you!

He turns, sees Diane.

ANGLE ON DIANE standing and watching.

ANGLE ON LLOYD who stands defenseless for that moment, and takes a foot kick to the face. He goes down holding his nose.

128D INT. BACK ROOM - MINUTES LATER 128D

Lloyd lies prone on the table. He pops back to consciousness.

LLOYD
Where is she?

TRAINER
Your friend is outside.

LLOYD
I want to see her.

TRAINER
(keeps him down)
You got knocked out. Your nose is cracked.

LLOYD
What does that mean?

TRAINER
It means you can have plastic surgery to correct it, cost you about five hundred, or I can do it now for free. No insurance claims, no nothing. I do a beautiful job.

LLOYD
You. Now. Free.

TRAINER
Okay. Here's your anesthetic.

He sets down a quart of Miller beer. Lloyd chugs most of it, lies down.

ANGLE ON DIANE who slips into the room. She takes his hand, watches as the Trainer puts a towel over his nose, places hands on either side of his face and re-sets it with a deft snap. A small spot of blood shows up on the towel.

128E EXT. KARATE STUDIO PARKING LOT - LATER AFTERNOON 128E

They stand by the car in the parking lot, an awkward distance apart. Lloyd holds ice to his nose.

LLOYD
You broke my nose by coming here.

Silence.

LLOYD
How's your dad?

DIANE
He's guilty.

LLOYD
What?

DIANE
Guilty. He did it. I found out.

LLOYD
You can't really know unless...

DIANE
I may never be able to trust anyone again. I just...I need you so much.

She hugs him. He looks at the girl in his arms.

LLOYD
You do?

DIANE
I made a big mistake. I listened to him.

LLOYD
One question.
(proud)
Are you here because you need 'someone' or because you need me? I'm just...forget it. I don't care.

He wraps his arms around her.

DIANE
Lloyd, I...

She whispers in his ear. We SEE his eyes.

LLOYD
Did you just say what I think you said?

(CONTINUED)

128E CONTINUED: 128E

DIANE
I love you.

He gingerly kisses her.

LLOYD
What are you going to do? what did he say?

DIANE
I haven't talked to him.

LLOYD
What?

DIANE
I'll never talk to him and I'll never see him.

LLOYD
You've got to talk to him.

DIANE
No.

LLOYD
Diane. Listen. My father's in Germany. He's a voice on the telephone. He's a great guy, but he's not around. I'd rather have a father who I can't stand than one who's not around. You have got to talk to him. Give him a chance.

DIANE
I don't think so.

LLOYD
Come on. Please.

129 INT. GOLDEN SEASONS OFFICE - EARLY EVENING 129

Diane faces her father under the flourescent light of his office.

DIANE
Did you do it? Did you take that woman's money?

Court is strong, unflinching.

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED: 129

COURT
No.
(pause)
Can this wait until we get home?

DIANE
If you're ever going to tell me the truth, tell it to me now. Did you do it?

COURT
I didn't do it.

DIANE
Swear to God.

COURT
Diane!

DIANE
Swear to God?

COURT
I swear to God.

Diane is experiencing a deep pain she's never felt before.

DIANE
I found the money.

130 ANGLE ON COURT 130

who flinches.

COURT
This is not what you think.

131 OMITTED 131

132 INT. CAR - SAME TIME 132

Lloyd waits in the car outside, holding ice to his nose. He jams all the radio buttons. His leg bounces feverishly. In the back seat are Diane's selected possessions.

132A REPOSITIONED TO NEW SCENE 132C 132A

132B INT. COURT'S OFFICE 132B

DIANE
You lied to me! You stole from your residents.

(CONTINUED)

132B CONTINUED: 132B

COURT
(martyr)
Go ahead. When I'm old, give me someone like me. But go ahead.

On the other side of the office glass, residents wheel by. They don't notice or see what's going on.

DIANE
You let me sign your checks. You let me defend you when you knew you were guilty. You let me ruin my life five years ago by picking <u>you</u>. You deceived me and you're a deceitful man. I swear to God...and when I swear to God, I mean it. You'll never see me again.

A strange look is on her face. She blinks back tears.

COURT
What?

DIANE
(amazed)
I'm surprised I mean it.

COURT
(pacing)
Anything else?

DIANE
I hope not. I don't want to leave anything out because I know I can say <u>anything</u> to you.

COURT
You don't understand the reasons...
(passionate)
...Look. This is how I get paid. This is how it works. Medicare, Medicaid...you can't survive on what they pay. They take forever...in the best of all worlds, I wouldn't have to do this. But what if you hadn't won that Fellowship? How would I have gotten you to England. I take care of you. I take care of those old people. Their life is great because of me. Money. What is <u>money</u>?

DIANE
It's not about the money!

(CONTINUED)

132B CONTINUED: (2) 132B

COURT
Look at me. Let's go through this. Don't be afraid to cry with me...we can talk about this. Isn't that what we've always been about?

DIANE
I don't know who you are.

She moves quickly for the door, whirls out of his reach.

DIANE
I told you everything and you just...lied to me.

COURT
Please talk to me.

Diane rushes away, down the quiet corridors.

132C INT. LLOYD'S LIVING ROOM/BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING 132C

They sleep together, holding each other close, as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

133 INT. MRS. COURT'S HOME - NEXT DAY 133

Lloyd and Ray (Diane's youngish step-father) haul a load of Diane's belongings down the small, winding staircase. They move past Diane's mother, who has an arm on Diane's shoulder. She's loading some clothes in the washing machine.

134 thru 135 OMITTED 134 thru 135

136 INT. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAYS LATER 136

James Court's Attorney (thirty-four) meets with the Assistant U.S. Attorney, Department of Justice Division. Court's attorney sits in a small chair facing the U.S. Attorney's oval desk. Between them is a six-inch high stack of folders and papers with multi-colored tabs.

U.S. ATTORNEY
This is the nursing home guy, right?

(CONTINUED)

136 CONTINUED: 136

COURT'S ATTORNEY
(nods)
This man, James Court...
(he thumps the papers, as if patting Court himself)
...is largely innocent.

U.S. ATTORNEY
We both know he's guilty, so go ahead.

COURT'S ATTORNEY
This man has paid his fines to the I.R.S. and now would like to spare the state the great expense of a trial.

U.S. ATTORNEY
Are you bringing me a deal, or are you making me a speech?

COURT'S ATTORNEY
$75,000 fine and no jail.

U.S. ATTORNEY
I can't give you that!
(scoffs)
This guy was ripping off grandma and grandpa for seventeen years. He was getting it from every end!
(to stack)
I mean, I'd love to hear his story.

ANGLE ON THE PAPERS and they don't respond.

COURT'S ATTORNEY
$100,000 fine and three months.

U.S. ATTORNEY
$125,000 and nine months.

COURT'S ATTORNEY
I can accept that.

U.S. ATTORNEY
It's a done deal. They'll want to turn the home over to the state, of course.

(CONTINUED)

136 CONTINUED: (2) 136

COURT'S ATTORNEY
(nods)
He wants to start serving immediately.

U.S. ATTORNEY
I can put that together.

They stand.

COURT'S ATTORNEY
I'll confirm this with my office and my client.

U.S. ATTORNEY
I'll push it past my boss.

They shake. The Assistant U.S. Attorney shoves the stack into a large leather pouch, and closes it with a loud ZIP.

137 INT. GOLDEN SEASONS/EVA'S ROOM - DAY 137

Eva, Sabina and The Walker sit with IRS Special Agent Stewart.

THE WALKER
He took care of us.

EVA
He drove me to the bank.

STEWART
(carefully)
Yes, but he took your money. We were able to recover part of it...

Pause.

EVA
But he drove me to the bank.

138 OMITTED 138

138A INT. PACIFIC HEIGHTS DETENTION CENTER - TWO WEEKS LATER 138A

A smoke-filled room. James Court leans back into a brown Naugahyde couch. He lights a Winston as he sits in the visitor's room of his low-security detention center. Low-grade making out between inmates and visiting girlfriends and wives. An inmate takes Polaroid snapshots for cigarettes. Lloyd takes a seat across from Court. Lloyd's nose is less bruised.

(CONTINUED)

138A CONTINUED: 138A

LLOYD
I think she should visit you before she leaves tomorrow.

COURT
Was that her idea or your idea?

LLOYD
My idea.

COURT
You going to England?

LLOYD
That's what I came here to talk to you about.

COURT
Are you?

LLOYD
'Am I going to England?' I've thought a lot about it. And I decided the right thing to do was carve out my goal for the future, which I have been avoiding in a big way. Diane and I can wait for each other. Come on. What's she going to do? Run off with some English guy? I think not.

COURT
Well, I respect you for not hitching a ride.
(sincere)
My daughter is very different from you. She's very successful, she's very talented...

LLOYD
But then I reconsidered. And I realized my true goal, what I really want to do for a living is...

ANGLE ON COURT'S FACE as he waits for the answer.

LLOYD
...be with your daughter.

Court's face slackens.

(CONTINUED)

138A CONTINUED: (2) 138A

LLOYD
I'm going to hang onto the best thing that ever happened to me. We want to be together.

COURT
Did she say 'yes' to this?

LLOYD
That's the word she used, Sir.

COURT
Lloyd, I'm going to tell you something...and you're going to feel that little pang in your heart that says it's true. Okay? This isn't what's good for her.
(pause)
And what are you going to do when she's working? What are you going to do when she's studying?

LLOYD
Sir, you're talking to the man who is going to bring kickboxing to Europe.

COURT
It's a mistake.

LLOYD
That's what they said to Brad Hefton.

COURT
Who's that?

LLOYD
I realize you're busy, Sir. Brad Hefton brought kickboxing to America.

COURT
You're not a permanent part of her life, Lloyd. You're a distraction.

LLOYD
Well, I'm the distraction that's going with her to England.

Court caves in, head in hand. He registers the pain.

(CONTINUED)

138A CONTINUED: (3) 138A

LLOYD
Are you all right, Mr. Court? I mean, really. Are you okay?

COURT
I'm incarcerated, Lloyd.

Lloyd looks at the guy, truly feels for him. Lloyd pulls something out of his pocket.

LLOYD
I have a note for you from Diane.

ANGLE ON COURT who looks up.

LLOYD
She left it up to me...whether or not you were ready for it.

ANGLE ON COURT who looks at Lloyd. Give it to me.

ANGLE ON LLOYD who slowly hands him the letter. Court grabs it, taps it endwise -- he doesn't want to tear it. He opens it and withdraws a thick, handwritten missive on thin white airmail stationery. Court leafs through the pages -- all ten of them.

139 ANGLE ON THE LETTER 139

and it has the look of a single, cathartic burst. The pages are neatly bordered, filled with a furious-looking tiny script.

Court begins the letter.

LLOYD
I wasn't sure which version she sent.

Lloyd gets up, moves to Court and makes an attempt to look at the letter. Court pulls the letter closer to himself.

COURT
(mumbling)
'...you can't know the horrible disappointment...'

LLOYD
I know this part.

Court looks increasingly pained.

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED: 139

COURT
She can't still be this angry. It's got to get better.

LLOYD
(proudly)
It does if it's the version she signed 'I can't help loving you...'

Court looks up for a moment, hopeful, then rifles to the last page. A long moment while he reads the end. He looks up slowly.

COURT
(quietly)
Just her name.

Even Lloyd feels the chill. Court continues to stare at the last page.

LLOYD
Well. Sir. Just knowing she wrote it, just knowing a version with 'I can't help loving you' exists...knowing that she felt that even for a minute...that's got to be a good sign. Right? That's got to be good.

Court looks up.

COURT
No, Lloyd.

LLOYD
No.

COURT
No. I don't deserve to lose my daughter over this. No, I don't deserve to have you as my go-between. No, I can't for the life of me understand how she could choose to...champion mediocrity the way that she's learned to around you.

Beat.

LLOYD
You're lucky I'm me, Sir, because anybody else might have just kicked your ass.

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED: (2) 139

COURT
No. Enough of this. No more of this.

He gets up, guides Lloyd to the door. As he does, the door opens. A guard leads Diane in. The two men are surprised out of their clash.

DIANE
Hello.

COURT
Hi.

Lloyd says nothing, fades in the b.g. Diane sees the letter in her father's hand.

DIANE
I don't know what to say to you except good-bye.

She looks at Court, who stands silent. He makes a step toward her. She shakes her head -- no.

DIANE
Take care of yourself.

COURT
You too.

She leaves. Lloyd lingers a moment. He turns to follow Diane.

COURT
Lloyd. Wait.

Lloyd turns.

COURT
Can you get me an address, where she'll be?

Lloyd pulls out a piece of paper, and writes out the address from a card in his wallet.

COURT
I never meant to hurt her.

Lloyd hands Court the address. Court nods thanks.

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED: (3) 139

LLOYD
(impulsively)
Mr. Court, I want you to have something. She gave this pen to me once. You might like to have it.

He offers the pen to Court, who looks at it with irony.

COURT
Thanks, Lloyd.

Court takes it and puts it in his pocket.

140 OMITTED 140

141 INT. APARTMENT - NEXT MORNING 141

Diane watches as Lloyd releases Constance from a hug. She stuffs money in his pocket. Lloyd finds Jason, who is hiding behind the door in Samurai uniform. Silently, Lloyd bows. Jason bows back.

Lloyd turns the music past the red line. The neighbors start pounding. Constance lets the music play. Lloyd sits on his suitcase, struggles to close it.

142 INT. AIRPLANE - AFTERNOON 142

A Stewardess moves down the aisle, closing overhead bins, as the plane lurches out onto the runway. We FIND Lloyd and Diane sitting toward the back of the plane. They occupy the middle two seats of a five-passenger row. Both look excited, nervous. Next to Lloyd is an older Gent with a cane. Next to Diane is a middle-aged Woman who is asleep. A loud noise starts, like a huge dentist's drill.

LLOYD
(confidently)
Wing adjustments.

The plane picks up speed, pushing Lloyd and Diane back into their seats.

ANGLE ON DIANE'S HAND which covers only half of Lloyd's fist.

The plane takes a quick, steep jump into the air.

LLOYD
See. It's just like a big roller coaster. Everybody likes roller coasters.

(CONTINUED)

142 CONTINUED: 142

ANGLE ON DIANE who definitely doesn't like roller coasters.

LLOYD
Blink twice if you're fine.

DIANE
I'm fine.

LLOYD
Good. This is all very normal.

Lloyd turns, smiles at the Woman next to Diane, who returns only the slightest quiver of her lip. He turns to the GENT next to him.

LLOYD
How are you today?

GENT
(English accent)
Very well and you.

LLOYD
Fine. That's a nice cane, Sir. It's a pleasure to be flying with you.

GENT
Indeed.

Lloyd turns back to Diane.

LLOYD
Now about your dad...

DIANE
I'm not ready to talk about this yet, Lloyd.

LLOYD
Cool. Then later.
(on her look)
Way later.

ANGLE ON THE CEILING COMPARTMENTS which all seem to rattle independently, as if nothing on this airplane is connected.

LLOYD
That is standard for the 747.

The plane banks sharply, hits an airpocket. Its a turbulent take-off. Somewhere nearby, a very loud baby begins to cry. Lloyd immediately leans in close to Diane, as if he's briefing the President.

(CONTINUED)

142 CONTINUED: (2) 142

LLOYD
Okay. High-level airline safety tips. If anything is going to happen, it almost always happens in the first five minutes of the flight. Got that? So when you hear that smoking sign ding, that means everything is okay.

DIANE
Good...to...know.

Another bump. Another baby cries.

LLOYD
I'll just continue talking until that ding occurs. Which will be soon.

He opens the box on his lap. Lloyd withdraws an elaborate supply of flight-items from a bag, including a felt pen Corey collage/letter written on aluminum foil.

LLOYD
In the meantime, here is our Personal Flight Kit from Corey. Music...headsets...letters... magazines...see anything that interests you?

DIANE
Not right now. Thanks.

LLOYD
How about this?

He kisses her.

143 thru 146 OMITTED 143 thru 146

147 ANGLE ON THE WOMAN 147

next to Diane who watches.

148 ANGLE ON THE GENT 148

next to Lloyd who watches.

DIANE
That helps.

The plane dips again. She grabs him.

(CONTINUED)

148 CONTINUED: 148

DIANE
Nobody thought we'd do this.

He happily shakes his head -- no.

DIANE
Nobody really thinks it can work, do they?

He shakes his head -- no.

DIANE
We don't know how it's going to work.

He shakes his head -- no.

LLOYD
You have just described every great success story.

She smiles.

DIANE
I'm not letting you go. Not now, and not ever. I love you.

LLOYD
I love you too.

He turns away to prevent anything embarrassing. The plane hits another run of choppiness. Diane shuts her eyes.

LLOYD
It's okay.

DIANE
Where's the ding?

LLOYD
Coming right up.

No ding.

LLOYD
Any second now...

(CONTINUED)

148 CONTINUED: (2) 148

They sit closely. Both nervous, staring at the NO-SMOKING sign. Waiting...

They look at each other, as we:

FADE TO BLACK

We hear the sound of the DING.

THE END